THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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LOVE SONG.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

The sweetest flower of latter spring,
That only breathes the breath of May;
The prettiest finch on painted wing,
By dropping acorn scared away,
My Love is fair and shy as they.

A bashful violet of a maid,
She trembles at a gust of care;
But then she's fairest when afraid,
Her blue eyes look up in a prayer,
My little Love is good as fair.

Once I came back: she sat alone,
Past midnight, in a dusky room;
On face and hair the firelight shone—
Ah, happy me! when through the gloom
I heard her sigh, and knew for whom.

Smiling that night, and crown'd with flowers,
All eyes but mine my Love had seen;
I knew the music of those hours
Was witching, but my little Queen
Had sigh'd for me, her smiles between.

I care not if her face be cut
To shape of artists' fantaster;
The light of it is nameless, but
Fill all my dreams, and when I rise
I follow it to my Love's blue eyes.

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Opening the door of the sitting-room, his white, and worn and haggard face was suddenly and almost alarmingly presented to the view of his wife and both daughters.

CHAPTER VII.

RUIN.

The evening of the day the failure of the banking-house of Burton & Co. was announced to the public, James Colville returned to his home, after an exciting and dismaying afternoon spent in a partial examination of the condition of the affairs of the firm.

The revelations, so far as made, had not only showed him how complete was the disaster—as related to the partnership—but had also terrified and disgusted him.

He saw that not only was his fortune involved, but his good name also. No man was more jealous of his business integrity than James Colville. Proud, sensitive, high-minded, frank and independent, when he discovered indubitable evidence of the dishonorable intentions of his partners, he received a shock that well nigh paralysed the faculties of both mind and body. He grew faint and weak; unable to ask for explanations of the dubious manipulations of figures on the books before him; powerless even to express the mighty indignation that filled his soul.

Andrew Burton had declared that his determination was not to be ruined by the suspension of the firm; Stephen Moore had intimated similar intentions; but Mr. Colville had not, until the investigation that followed, quite believed that they were capable of the villainy of deliberately cheating their depositors and creditors. Yet this was what had been done.

Burton and Moore had secured themselves by abstracting valuable securities to a large amount from the resources of the firm, substituting others practically worthless, which had been obtained at a low figure. Large deposits, recently made, had undergone the same transformation—the cash deposit of Chaswick & Co., among others, showing now only in assets whose availability was hardly worth counting. All this had been done, *sub rosa*, within a very recent period—since the first uneasiness had been manifested in the secret circles of finance.

What had been done with the large sums thus withdrawn from the common fund of the firm, James Colville knew only too well; they had been transferred beyond the reach of the law to various members of his partners' families. Yet nothing could now be proved against them, whatever might be suspected. They had intimated to him that he might have his share, declining which, they had made sure that he could not expose them.

So, under the burden of these revelations—which had not Mr. Colville been of so trusting a nature, would have been sooner known to him—he returned that evening to his family.

He lived in West Walnut street, in an elegant house, amid surroundings of opulence and luxury, which, until now, he had thought he could well afford.

But as he crossed the threshold of his home, this was the reflection that occupied his mind:

"I must give all this up, now; it is mine no longer. My partners may defraud their creditors, since they will, and I cannot prevent it; but as for me, I will live with the endeavor to be honest, though I be but a beggar of the streets. But my wife and daughters! how will they take the news that I must impart?"

He groaned audibly, as he hastened upstairs to the sitting-room, where he expected to find his wife. It was of her, of his daughters that he thought most in connection with his failure. Used to luxury and every indulgence that wealth could purchase, what must they not suffer when they learned that poverty confronted them—that every dollar of their fortune was gone? They had heard much talk of the prevailing panic, but now the term was to be of terrible significance to them—a reality, and no longer a name.

Mr. Colville's footsteps had not been heard on the softness of the carpet as he ascended the stairway.

Opening the door of the sitting-room, his white, and worn and haggard face was suddenly and almost alarmingly presented to the view of the occupants—his wife and both daughters.

"Why, papa!" cried Lucy, the eldest, a tall, haughty brunette, of twenty or thereabouts; "you frightened me by poking in that way so unexpectedly. You look like a ghost. What ails you?"

Mrs. Colville had arisen, with an expression of serious concern on her face, though her daughter's sudden words had prevented her from speaking.

"Are you ill, James?" she now inquired, no response beyond a distressed smile having been made by him to Lucy's interrogatory.

Eva, the other daughter, blue-eyed and golden-haired, flew to her father's side, and with a caress alone, gave him a more expressive welcome than either her mother or sister had conveyed.

"I am well in body," said Mr. Colville; "but——"

"Papa, you look tired, more than anything else," interrupted Eva, with gentle force. "Here are your slippers, and there is your dressing-gown; do refresh yourself a little in the bath-room, and then put them on, and sit with us. You will feel so much better, I know."

"You thoughtful girl!" he exclaimed, in approbation of her excellent suggestions, as he passed her to the bath-room, followed by his wife.

Without questioning him as to the cause of his trouble, Mrs. Colville assisted her husband in preparing himself for a return to the sitting-room, where in a few minutes they all were again.

"Now, papa, what is it?" began Lucy, with an impatience that rather jarred him. "You haven't failed, have you, like Cooke, and Clarke, and the rest?"

"You might as well know the truth first as last," he replied. "I have failed—worse than failed; I have lost every dollar of my fortune. We are beggars from this day."

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Lucy, in dismay, "that is dreadful. You don't mean to say that you have nothing left?"

"Nothing," he groaned, and to himself he muttered, "not even my good name and honor."

Mrs. Colville was deeply moved at the declaration; though she attempted to utter some words of sympathy and cheer, her words grew inarticulate, and tears formed her conclusion.

The sunny face of Eva was very serious, but she appeared to be less affected than the others; not that she felt less for her father in his troubles, but because her cheerful temperament furnished her with admirable support in the present trial. She was one who could often see light where only darkness was before the view of others.

"Is it so very bad to be poor, papa?" she said. "I mean if we have health, and hope, and love, and each other left?"

"Now don't," pleaded Lucy, with acerbity; "don't, Eva, go to enumerating the blessings of poverty. You need not think to make the inventory appear a pleasing one. I couldn't be happy with all the health and hope in the world, if I were poor at the same time; and as for love and each other, I imagine we would all wish we were dead, before we went long without anything else. You haven't lost everything, though, papa?" she continued, as if a sudden gleam of encouragement had become visible to her. "You only mean that your business is obstructed because of the panic. We won't have to give up our house, will we, papa?"

"Our house, and furniture, carriage, horses, all."

"What will we do?" wailed Lucy. "I know what I will do; I'll die, and be done with the trouble, for I never could survive the disgrace of going down to be a nobody."

"Lucy," said her mother, reprovingly, "you should not talk so; you should have more fortitude. We shall be able to get along in a comfortable way, I do not doubt, even if we are forced to change so materially our mode of living."

Mr. Colville cast a grateful glance at his wife. He had not hoped to find her so calm and heroic under the trial.

"Don't suggest fortitude to me, mamma," Lucy proceeded, with an unbecoming resentment of feeling, for the calmness of her mother and sister irritated her. "Our friends won't give us any credit for it. Only to think how they will triumph over us! There is Vivian Locke, and Anna Evans, and that hateful Helen Deane—they were always jealous of us, because we dressed and lived better than they. Oh, won't it be bitter to us to see them above us, going——"

"Above us, my daughter!" spoke her mother, interrupting her. "That term ought to apply to inward as well as outward conditions. If you really think that your fashionable friends will exult over our misfortunes, I should think you would lose something of your humiliation (if you are so weak as to feel it) in a sense of their own abasement."

"I wouldn't though—I couldn't—I can't be so virtuously philosophical as you can, mamma; I would be conscious of nothing but my own inferiority if I were to meet them now."

"Which, I fear, extends to your nature as well as to your circumstances," sighed Mrs. Colville, speaking inaudibly.

"Well, it's one comfort, continued Lucy, "that if we *do* go down, others will bear us company. Others whose name we hear mentioned as having been affected by the panic, and with whom we are acquainted, have to descend also, papa?"

Lucy spoke with quite a hopeful eagerness."

"I know not what *others* may do," replied her father, with honest dignity; "some may retrieve their misfortunes; some may sustain themselves—as I fear will be too much the case—at the cost of their integrity; but *I* intend to do justice to those who have trusted me and my partners, so far as lies in my power. It will take everything—*everything* I possess to satisfy my share of the liabilities imposed upon me by this calamity. Until that was done, if I had a dollar left, I could not rest. I shall endeavor, in the meantime, to supply the daily wants of my family, but our expenses must be at once curtailed to the lowest limit."

Lucy saw that her father's purpose was honesty. Whether she honored him for it, we cannot say, but she certainly saw that she could not successfully oppose it. She possibly had a lurking notion—too often practically developed in men's minds—that there might be a door of escape from the consequences of business disaster—a door through which the debtor disappears with pockets filled, while the creditor waits in vain for his claim to be settled.

But Lucy Colville quickly perceived that there was to be no sham about her father's failure.

"When will we have to give up our house?" she asked, anxiously.

"The sooner the better," answered Mr. Colville, bravely, encouraged to speak as he felt by the fortitude and cheerful good sense of his wife and younger daughter, "And yet," he groaned, "for your sakes, my dear ones, I could delay the change."

"Not for our sakes," said his wife, "if the further occupation of this house must be at the expense of those you owe."

"It would be," said Mr. Colville. "We are tenants by sufferance now—nothing more."

"Then let us remove to a plainer as soon as possible," said Mrs. Colville. "Dear husband," she added, lifting her eyes, tear-filled, to his, "you will feel the burden of your misfortunes less if *we* cheerfully assist you bear them, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, a hundred times less," he replied, with strong emotion, "but I know this sacrifice will be terrible to you all; you do not realize it as yet."

"*I* realize it," declared Lucy, bursting into tears. "Mamma and Eva don't, for they have such fine notions of poverty that they will rather enjoy it."

"Lucy!" exclaimed her father, with more sternness than he was aware that he used; "you do not understand your mother and sister. *You* realize this misfortune only through the medium of your own selfishness, I fear."

Lucy's tears were supplemented with sobs.

"You are cruel, papa," she declared, rebukingly. "But no matter; if my sufferings are added to, even by you, so much the better. When I am dead, you will believe that I had some feeling, and I hope it will be a consolation——"

"Lucy," pleaded her mother, "please do not speak so."

"I suppose you think I do not mean what I say," she continued; "but if you are all going to be so cruel to me, and if there is to be an auction, and we have to give up our place and furniture, and go into a miserable little house, I am sure I shall die."

"You had better conclude to live, my dear," observed her mother, in a slightly satirical tone.

"I suppose I will have to," she returned, lugubriously; "but it will be a dreary experience. No parties, no operas, no balls, nothing but to hide in a back street, and wear one's old clothes forever."

"I don't think *I* shall seclude myself so entirely as that" said Eva, brightly.

"What will you do?" demanded Lucy. "Go to scrubbing fronts, sweeping crossings, or to writing a book?"

"Neither of those things, Lucy," replied Eva, with a look that told of some secret satisfactory design, perhaps suddenly formed.

"Well," observed her sister further, "I trust you will succeed in whatever you attempt; but you might as well make up your mind to bear one additional mortification."

"What is that?" questioned Eva, a little tremulously, for there was a significance in her sister's tone.

"The loss of Elwood Weston's attentions."

Eva winced. A look of pain quickly crossed her fair features, but as quickly faded.

She said nothing, but it was with considerable malicious satisfaction that Lucy noted the effect of her remark.

After much further discussion of their affairs and situation, the family rather sadly went down to the tea-table.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

The first snow of the winter of '73–'74 fell in Philadelphia on the 17th of November. Who does not remember that stormy Monday night? A cold, sleet-like rain, not yet changed to snow, swept through the streets. The wind blew with the force and bitterness of a January storm, and altogether, the outside world was dreary enough.

But few people were abroad at the hour when many are usually going or returning. Into warm and comfortable homes such a night brought no terror, but, unfortunately, all homes were not warm and comfortable.

The scene we present to our readers on the wintry evening in question is the home of the Woodsons, in Stiles street.

A severer illness of two weeks' duration had been one of the consequences of the shock the already enfeebled system of John Woodson suffered.

Then he grew stronger again, and at the end of another fortnight declared that he was able to work.

But, alas! work was not now to be obtained. He was told, upon applying at his old place, that he could not possibly be received; that only half the usual number of hands were employed; and that others must have precedence of himself.

John Woodson was proud—not too proud to work, nor to *ask* for work—but to *beg* for work!

He turned away, discouraged and irritated, the latter owing perhaps to the still unrestored condition of his health.

"Woodson couldn't work, if we had it for him," remarked one of the foremen of the establishment. "He is as white and weak as if he had been sick a year. He'd better rest awhile longer. He's got a comfortable sum laid by, I know, and his family won't suffer."

Ah! but he *did'nt* know! He didn't know how John Woodson, honest, industrious, and by nature thrifty, had trusted and been defrauded, until his earnings were all gone.

Misfortunes, it is proverbial, never come singly.

Following closely upon her husband's partial recovery, Mrs. Woodson was taken ill—seriously so. Care, over-exertion and apprehension for the future had wrought their legitimate effects. The brave, loving and faithful woman was compelled to yield to physical disability, though she held out to the very last.

With the cessation of her labors the income of the family now entirely ceased. By the sale, at a sacrifice, of some articles of household furniture, the rent for the month was paid, but nothing was left wherewith to buy provisions.

Clothing the family had, and, for a month at least, a roof to shelter them, but the stock of fuel on hand was not large.

John Woodson came in from the wet and wintry street.

Within himself he was sullen and gloomy, but to his wife and children he tried to appear cheerful and gentle.

"John, is it you?" asked Mrs. Woodson, feebly, as he entered the room where she was lying.

"Yes, Mary. How are you to-night?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Better, I think," was the reply, in a tone that showed how hard she strove to maintain a cheerfulness of spirit.

John Woodson looked with a strange, searching glance upon the wan, anxious face which, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, showed the distress of the sick one's heart.

"Better!" exclaimed her husband, with a sudden fierceness and bitterness. "How *can* you be better, Mary, when you lie there, actually starving!"

"Oh, John! John! not that!"

"It is so. I see it plainly. You did not eat the toast I prepared for you, now did you?"

She did not answer.

"Was it not nicely done, even if I, a man, *did* do it?"

"Oh, very nicely, John; it was very tempting."

"Then why did you not eat it?"

The poor woman again hesitated; then, seeing that her husband would not be satisfied with evasion, she faltered:

"Eddie said he was hungry, John, and so I gave him the toast. I—I feared there was no more, and—and——"

She here broke down utterly, and sank back on her pillow in weakness and tears.

John Woodson groaned in such agony as few men ever feel.

"What a worthless, cowardly hulk I am, Mary! I, a great, strong man, to let you starve—yes, actually starve!"

"Oh, John, John, you know it is not your fault that we are so badly off. You couldn't get work, and you were not able to work if it could have been had. You saved money, and *that* was lost."

"Lost! Stolen!" cried the wronged man, with an awful sense of indignation filling his soul. "It was a base fraud, I am convinced, that is only given another name. To-night I came by the place where Andrew Burton lives. *He* don't suffer because he has 'suspended,' as he calls it. Not he. The house was all alight—there was warmth, plenty, luxury—all that wealth could buy—within. I felt wicked—as if—as if I could *murder* him there in his luxurious ease!"

"John, dear John, you must not talk so; you frighten me," spoke Mrs. Woodson, in pleading tones.

But John Woodson was now aroused, and the bitterness that was in him must come out, in partial expression at least.

"I could do it, though. The sight of him still living there in such style almost drove me mad. I wanted to make sure that he *does* live there. I rang, and inquired of the colored man who came to the door if Mr. Burton still had his residence there? 'Yes,' said the fellow. 'And expects to?' I asked. 'Of course he does,' said the man, who thought, I suppose, that I was mighty impertinent."

"John, I wouldn't have you anything but what you are, only I hope——"

"Never mind hoping anything, Mary. Let me go on with what I was saying. It's often the way with rich rascals who 'fail.' The poor trust them, and are deceived; the poor have to bear the burdens of hard times."

"Not altogether, John, I think."

"Well, the others don't starve."

He paused a moment, and then, almost with a shriek, he repeated the dreadful word:

"Starve!

"And that's what *you* are doing, wife—what we all are doing. Oh, my God! I didn't think of this two months ago. I will go and beg for work to-morrow. I *have* begged for it already, though I swore I wouldn't—but people told me I didn't look like working."

"And you are not able to, John, I know."

"Some said they guessed I didn't want it badly, and they glanced at my hands, white and thin, because of my illness."

"There are always those ready to say unkind things."

"Yes, yes, wife; but that don't matter, now. We will have to take all that comes. We can't get even bitter bread to eat now."

John Woodson rose suddenly.

"God-bye, Mary, for awhile. I am going out again."

"Going out? and in the storm?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes," he said.

"Oh, don't go to-night, John—please don't."

"But I must—you must have something to eat, Mary—we all must, we're starving, starving!"

"Not quite, John."

"No, not quite," he repeated, bitterly; "there may be a morsel left, not much more."

He turned to go. Glancing back, he, for the first time, appeared to notice the absence of his oldest son.

"Where's Freddie?" he asked. "I didn't miss him till now."

"I thought I wouldn't tell you, John.

if you did not ask. I expected he would have been in by this time. He said he would turn newsboy, and earn something by selling papers."

"You don't mean to say he has tried it, wife?"

"Yes, he went this afternoon through the rain. He *would* go."

"Bravo for Freddie!" cried the father, forgetting momentarily his bitterness of spirit in his admiration for his boy's "pluck." "But where did he get capital to begin upon?"

"He took the pennies in his little safe."

This communication affected John Woodson even more than the sight of his suffering wife and the knowledge of their extreme destitution had done. He did not say another word, but there were great tears in his eyes as he went out. Somehow the thought of the little fellow's heroism both pained and pleased him.

"Why, Freddie can't call the names of the papers," he muttered, "and maybe he don't know one from another. Lord pity him! And what am I to let my wife starve, and my children be forced into the street to earn a penny? Something's got to be done, even if it ain't the right thing. *I* could starve, but I can't see *them* do it."

In the darkness and despair of his spirit, perhaps John Woodson felt just then as if opportunity would make a criminal of him.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BAD COMPANY.

Unheeding the pelting rain, whose ice-cold drops struck in his face almost like hail stones, he left the street where he lived, entered Sixteenth, and from that turned down Girard avenue to Broad. For a long while he paced up and down the street.

The stately homes on either side stood curtained and bolted from the world without—a world of gloom and hardness it seemed to the wretched man.

"I never did beg," he said, secretly to himself over and over again, and in the rain his cold cheek grew hot with shame. "But I must now; I really can't work, as Mary says."

The hour was late; people were retiring or had retired to their beds. The rain was changing to snow; the scene was utterly dreary.

He wandered up the street, he wandered down. His thick rough coat began to dampen to his skin. There was no definite purpose in his mind—he was conscious of little save his misery and the necessity for action of some kind. He did not meditate crime, but dark thoughts would obtrude in spite of his efforts to repress them.

Passing an alley he looked up it. He imagined he heard footsteps and saw the momentary flash of a lantern.

He noted this to himself as he went on. He stopped, then turned back, and resolved to investigate.

"Perhaps," he muttered, "some poor wretch, as hard driven as myself is thinking of taking what doesn't belong to him. I'll investigate. I want to see how a man looks when he's stealing; if he looks *honest*, I'll let him alone; if he doesn't, I'll give the alarm, and, perhaps, get something as a reward. I think I can tell whether he *wants* to be a thief or *has* to be."

And John stepped softly up to the narrow passage, until he reached an open door.

"It's just as I supposed," he remarked, to himself, when he saw this. "Somebody has set his mind upon getting into this house. They're at work, yonder, now, under cover of the noise of the storm."

His keen ears detected other sounds than those made by the wind.

For fifteen minutes he listened patiently, while the house-breakers pursued their operations. There were not less than three of them, he made sure.

They were boring boldly at the rear door, evidently with little fear of interruption. John Woodson moved cautiously nearer them, so that he could catch a view of their faces.

"I don't like the looks of 'em," he reflected. "They go at it as if they were just in their element. Now, I can handle tools well, but I couldn't be steady in work of this kind. What a villainous face that fellow has! He's a rogue sure. How they do bore! Ah! they've struck sheet-iron—they're—no—no; an alarm! I'd better leave here."

The burglars had suddenly abandoned their operations, and were moving toward the alley.

John Woodson backed out in a hurry, but just as he emerged into the street a heavy hand was laid upon him.

"One of 'em's nabbed," said a voice in low, quick tones of satisfaction. "Look out for the next one, Jack—they'll be driven this way, maybe."

Too astounded for speech or exclamation even, John Woodson did not attempt to release himself from the grasp of the man who had seized him.

He heard a pistol-shot fired up the alley, and in another moment a human figure rushed out only to be caught as he had been. A second and third followed, but these escaped.

"We've got two of 'em, at least," spoke one of the officers.

"You don't mean to say I am arrested?" gasped John Woodson, the perils of his position breaking in "dark light" upon him.

The officer laughed amusedly.

"I don't mean anything else," he returned. "What d'ye suppose I mean?"

"I am not one of the thieves," declared John.

"You ain't? Well that's rich, now! You're a nice innocent man, I reckon, who wanted to get in out o' the storm! We'll give you, shelter, sir—at the station-house!"

"At the station-house!" gasped poor John Woodson in horror. "Oh, not there—not there!"

His captor looked at him in a sort of amused surprise.

"You must be a greeny in the business," he then said; "a greeny and got caught at your first job."

"I was not one of the party," asseverated John, stoutly. "I only happened to be there."

"You did?" laughed the man, coarsely. "Well, so did I, unfortunately for you. Come now, leave off that. You don't really think I can be taken in that way, do you? Come along; it's not very summery here."

"Oh, my wife! my children!" ejaculated the miserable man, in such tones of genuine agony that the officer acknowledged that it was the best acting he had ever known.

Turning in the blindness of his despair to the real burglar, who had been captured, John appealed to him to declare that he (John) was not a confederate. The folly of such an appeal was not evident to our friend in his excited state; he did not see that the fellow's testimony, be it one thing or the other, could do no good; but the villain only laughed and said:

"Now, Bill, what'll become of me if they let you go on my word that you're not one of us? I'll be lonely without you."

"My name is not Bill—it is John Woodson, and I'm a respectable man; but my family are actually starving, and I *must* go back to them."

"Starving, are they?" jeered one of the policemen. "Well, that's better than stealing. But I guess they won't starve; one of John Woodson's family won't, at least, and that's himself."

"Heaven help my boys and Mary!" cried the father, deep in his soul. "Maybe they'll be better off without me though—great useless hulk that I am! But the shame—the shame! Freddie will see his father's disgraced name in the papers he sells. O Lord, pity me! Won't you let me go, sir?" he pleaded, almost crazed by his distress. "I'm an honest man. I wasn't helping rob the house. I—I——"

"There, you're stuck," jeered the policeman, coarsely. "You've got at the end of your innocence already. Be quiet now; what's the use of all this fuss? You won't be hung for the job."

"I wish I were hung. I wish you would shoot me," asseverated John. "That wouldn't be so bad."

"It's his first go—his first go," muttered the policeman to himself; "and he naturally feels bad about the prospect of going into the lock-up; they generally do at first. I think I wouldn't relish it myself. Ah! here we are. Hogan, how's your man?"

"Quiet, sir; he's easy as an old woman in her chair."

"In we go with 'em then."

The door of the station-house was opened upon a signal being given, and into the damp though heated apartment the guilty and the innocent man were thrust.

And John Woodson felt as if a prison cell had already received him.

The agony of soul, the keen sense of his disgrace, the humiliation, the anxiety he suffered on account of his family, combined to torture him until a mere miserable consciousness of existence was all that was left to him.

In the station-house, with the horrible company to be found there, he remained until early morning.

Then through the snowy streets he was conveyed for examination before a magistrate.

At the hearing the man who had been arrested with him viciously testified against him, or rather, cunningly implied that he was one of their party.

The gentleman into whose residence the attempt to break had been made, stated that, hearing the noise of the burglars' boring, he had hastened from the front of the house and brought three policemen, one of whom had entered with him, and attacked the burglars, while the remaining two watched at the alley entrance, with the result known.

The presumption was that the man giving his name as John Woodson was one of the would-be thieves. He was accordingly bound over to appear at court, and in default of bail was committed to prison. All his protestations, entreaties and prayers could not save him from that disgrace.

Some doubted his guilt; others, believing him guilty, pitied him; but the circumstantial evidence against him was too strong to allow of his discharge.

The feelings of the miserable man need not be described. He was in truth almost maddened by the position in which he was placed.

"Perhaps I *am* guilty," he cried, wildly to himself in the loneliness of his prison. "I know I felt wicked and desperate; that I told Mary so; but I don't believe I would have *done* anything wrong; though when a man's dear ones are starving, and he can't get honest work, doubtful thoughts *will* come into his mind. It was all wrong—all wrong for me to do as I did. This is my punishment. If I could only steal a million, I suppose it would be all right," he concluded, bitterly, "but to take a loaf—ah, me!"

Then the ever-present picture of his family's destitution rose with more distressing vividness before him. He pressed his hands to his burning brain, feeling as if insanity were approaching him.

As for his sick wife and hungry children—who shall picture their distress?

Andrew Burton still dwelt in ease and luxury, but they, poor victims of the panic, hidden in their wretchedness from the sight of the world, could only suffer and "be still." They had no voice, such as the oppressor hath.

CHAPTER X.

A SECRET FOE.

Our narrative returns to Celia Burke, who, though only a seamstress, was in all essential qualities as true a woman as any of higher degree.

That same Tuesday morning, when the first slush-snow of the winter lay upon the pavements, and John Woodson was taken from the dismal station-house for his hearing before the alderman, Celia went early to her daily work at Madame Derveux's. The sight of the snow, and the raw chill in the atmosphere made her serious and thoughtful. Not that she was not comfortably clad, and therefore felt the cold. Her waterproof, her overshoes and her warm gloves well protected her against the rigorous weather.

"I wonder if we are to have another such reign of ice and snow as we had last winter?" she said to herself, with a shiver, as she remembered how severe that season had been, and reflected that thousands would now be less prepared than then for another like it.

Celia was always thoughtful when she saw the white proof of winter—the snow. She knew what suffering that season brought to many in the great cities—always brought, even in prosperous times.

She knew how dreadful it was to be poor—poor to the extreme so often reached—when winter reigned. She realized, too, how near her own condition was to poverty, though she had always yet lived decently, comfortably, aye, tastefully. But she "had been fortunate," always fortunate; thus she expressed it. Sometimes a secret fear that the tide would turn, disturbed her. With her own health not the strongest, and an invalid sister to support, she had not been able to lay by anything from her earnings. Her sole dependence was her daily exertions.

Yet, though at times she grew weary of her toil, and envied the rich—as what untaught heart will not?—she was in the main cheerful, and grateful that she could do so well. She loved her suffering sister, and for her sake was glad to labor.

Her wages had been exceptionally good, for she was very skilful, and her employer, Madame Derveux, had been wise enough to see that no better pay was offered elsewhere.

But of late, for some reason unknown to Celia, the manner of Madame Derveux had changed towards her. A certain cold impatience, very unpleasant to Celia, marked the demeanor of the *modiste*. Nothing had been complained of, yet Celia felt that her employer was beginning to dislike her.

The truth of the matter for a time was, that Madame Derveux was jealous of our heroine. Celia's face attracted attention, that was the trouble, until something more serious occurred. Miss Derveux had an "admirer" in the person of a young man, whom both mother and daughter longed to catch. He had been to the establishment of the *modiste* several times of late, and as a result, having seen Miss Burke, appeared to be about transferring his favor to her. Celia cordially disliked him—a fact the jealous mother and daughter might have seen; but their fears blinded them.

Reaching Madame Derveux's after her ride and walk combined, Celia removed her waterproof, overshoes, etc., and was nearly ready for work when madame came in.

Her manner was more frigid than ever; she did not speak, but merely nodded, and frowned as she did so.

Celia felt very uncomfortable.

Madame Derveux made a pretence of busying herself with a pattern, when in reality she was only preparing herself to utter what she could not at once bring herself to say.

At last she turned, erect and severe-looking, yet not wholly composed—for she was conscious of the wrong she was about to do—and addressed Celia thus:

"Miss Burke, I am sorry to inform you that I shall not need your services any more. I really cannot afford to pay you. Fine dresses are not ordered as they were before the panic; and of course you would not be willing to work on anything else."

Poor Celia was astounded. She had not expected dismissal—such a cold, abrupt dismissal as this—though she had been looking for complaint of some kind.

She saw plainly now that her discharge was determined upon.

Whatever the truth might be about the fine dresses, she knew Madame Derveux's remark respecting her (Celia's) unwillingness to do other work was not sincere. It was not, therefore, worth while for Celia to say that she would gladly take any kind; she was sure that it was the *modiste's* intention to discharge her.

A sense of injury and a feeling of hopelessness took possession of her. She stood mute before Madame Derveux, but with such an expression upon her features as one unresentful would wear who had received an unjust and cruel blow.

That look of sad reproach was painful to Madame Derveux. Being in the wrong, and knowing it, too, yet determined also to persist, it angered her.

"Don't look at me that way," she spoke, sharply; "it is not pleasant. One might think, to see you, that I had done you a deadly wrong, when I have only said that I cannot afford to retain you in my employ."

"Has not my work been satisfactorily performed, Madame Derveux?" asked Celia, trembling with emotion.

"Yes, yes; I do not say that it has not been."

"Has not my deportment toward you always been respectful?"

"I am not complaining of that either," returned Madame Derveux, impatiently.

"And have you not given me to understand that, if you wished to lessen your working force, you would give me at least three weeks' notice?"

"I—I suppose so," admitted she, reluctantly; "but then the dullness of business, Miss Burke—the panic, and all that."

"They affect me more closely and immediately than they do you, Madame Derveux. But I will not ask your consideration of that. I only wish to know *why* you have discharged me?"

"*Why* I have discharged you!" ejaculated the woman, working herself up into a passion, her broad cheeks flaming like peonies. "Indeed! Have I not told you *that*?"

"No, Madame Derveux," said Celia, calmly, looking steadily into the *modiste's* eyes; "you have not."

They could not maintain their expression of affected innocence and indignation. They fell before the questioning gaze of the truthful girl.

Madame's resort was, of course, bluster and pretended anger that her veracity should be doubted.

"And you mean to say, then, Miss Burke," she began, "that I have declared one thing, and meant another? that—that, in fact, I have told you a falsehood? You have done yourself no service to insult me in that manner. You will go from here without a recommendation."

"And you are glad, I verily believe, that you have found an excuse for not giving me one," spoke Celia, who saw through the mask of her late employer's anger that a real pleasure had been afforded her by this opportunity to deny the common favor of a recommendation to others upon discharge.

Madame Derveux fairly stamped her feet in her angry annoyance—her real objects had been so exasperatingly penetrated by the injured girl.

"Oh, what shall I do?" sighed Celia, more to herself than to Madame Derveux, as she sadly prepared to depart. "I *must* have work; and—and I am afraid it will be hard to find. I have very little on hand at home. Madame Derveux refuses me a recommendation, and, upon applying for employment elsewhere, without it, I will perhaps be looked upon with suspicion, and told that I ought to be able to give reference from my late employer. I know how cruel and suspicious people often are when there is the slightest apparent excuse for showing disfavor. It may be that work, in any event, will be very hard to obtain—the times threaten to be so hard. In that case what will become of Dora and myself? Dear sister! if it were not for you, I would not be so painfully concerned."

While thus soliloquizing, Celia had prepared herself to leave. She looked round to see if Madame Derveux was still present, but the *modiste* had disappeared, to save herself perhaps from the embarrassment of witnessing the young girl's departure.

Heavy-hearted, Celia opened the door and went out into the street, feeling, in spite of herself, that she had been disgraced as well as dismissed. It looked so like it, to be sent away in this unfriendly manner.

After Celia had gone, Madame Derveux had some strange communings with herself, something of this order:

"There! I've done it, and an unpleasant piece of business it was. But one thousand dollars is no small sum to me. The girl had to go, anyhow—I would not have her here any longer, on Marie's account—and since she did, I might as well have the money. It seemed rather hard to send her away without a recommendation, but I had to do it. Besides, she might talk against me when she got a new place. As to—as to my strongest reason for sending her from me, she will never know it. She has no intimation of the truth, and is just as well off, as relates to that, as she was before. I *couldn't* have her here in my daily sight, knowing what I do; and I hope to lose sight of her forever. She is only a sewing-girl, and might as well remain one. She'll get along well enough in some other place, where I will never see her. She won't starve—people never do, for all we hear so much about it."

Thus the mercenary woman endeavored to extenuate her cruelty—her crime.

She went about the business of the day, and tried to forget the pale, sad, rebuking face of Celia.

That evening Madame Derveux had a visitor—such a looking individual as rarely came to her establishment.

It was hard to tell whether he was a young or a middle-aged man.

His bare, bony face had a youthful appearance, but it was also wrinkled, and had an expression of care, hardness and miserliness. His figure was awkward, his manners uncouth, his dress rustic in the last degree.

Madame Derveux was nervous in the presence of this uncomely individual. Perhaps she would have been mortified to be seen holding communication with him, especially as his demeanor toward her was that of a familiar. His speech, too, was rather coarse and ungrammatical—such as the "refined" *modiste* was unaccustomed to hear.

"You got her off?" inquired the clownish fellow, very soon after obtaining private audience with madame.

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"And you don't think there's no probability of her turnin' up to bother me?"

"Of course there is a possibility of that, Mr. Spiker——"

"Don't 'Mr. Spiker' me," he interrupted, rudely; "I ain't used to it."

"How shall I address you, then?" asked Madame Derveux, affecting some dignity.

"Do jest as I do to you. I can't pernounce, or spell, or remember your name, and so I don't never use it. You've noticed that, mebbe?"

"I have," she returned, coldly.

"But about the girl and her sister—she, though bein' a poor, sickly thing, likely to die afore a great while, don't trouble me much. But I *am* mortal afeered of the older one."

"I see you are," spoke Madame Derveux, with visible satisfaction. "I discovered the secret, and I am the only person, save one, besides yourself—now that Mr. Sharp is gone—who holds it. It has been so long since the advertisement appeared, that I think you are in little danger of being disturbed."

The man rubbed his purple hands together, and chuckled with satisfaction.

"But, remember, sir," said Madame Derveux, with impressement, "that I have not yet received the third instalment of the sum you engaged to pay me for the consideration I have shown you in this affair. I need the money, sir," she concluded, plainly.

"Yes, yes," he replied fidgeting very uncomfortably; "but you can wait awhile, can't you? Times is hard; this confounded panic has—has——"

"What are panics to you, sir?" interrupted Madame Derveux, contemptuously. "I know your situation; your money and means are all in hand. You wouldn't trust a bank or a banker any more than I would trust you, if I hadn't you in my power."

"What a woman! what a woman!" ejaculated the boor, under his breath. "She's not the kind I'm used to; I'm afeered of her."

"I am the only one," continued the *modiste*, "who can make the word 'panic' have any meaning to you; and I will do it unless you give me another thousand dollars of the money you have in your pocket to-night."

Moses Spiker—for that was his name in full—fairly started at these words of Madame Derveux; it was a trembling start, too, for he began to believe that she possessed some mysterious power of insight. He had not sense enough to see that she had reasoned from plain premises.

"How did you know I had a thousand dollars with ;me?" he queried, excitedly.

"You brought it to pay me," said madame, coolly.

"You didn't ask me to—I didn't say I would," he stammered.

"Let me have the sum, and then take your departure," said the woman, in mingled impatience and disgust.

He produced the amount from a greasy wallet, and then turned to go.

Madame Derveux took the money, saying, "When I desire to see you again, or to hear from you, I will write."

"Don't write," he said, rather pleadingly; "you know I don't like letters."

"Well, when I need your presence again I will contrive, as I have heretofore done, to inform you."

He went out without bidding her good-bye, the omission of which act of courtesy did not offend the *modiste* in the least.

"Another thousand gone—another thousand," he reflected, ruefully. "It'll cost me more'n than five thousand to have that befrizzled old young thing keep mum—I know it will. Dast it! I wish that girl was out of the way for good—then I'd feel safe. Madam Derroo or row, or whatever's her name, might blow; I'd be fixed in spite of her. She hangs on to me like a steel-trap."

He paused, and after a little while commenced to mutter, "Ceely Burke—Ceely Burke! How I wish thar wasn't no Ceely Burke. She might get married anyhow, and change her name; that'd be a sorter relief."

Then darker thoughts entered his mind—thoughts from the mere meaning of which he should have shrunk appalled. But he did not; and in him Celia Burke had a secret foe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD TIMES.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A rosy leaf in a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow;
Three golden rings on a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the Summer air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng
Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingles with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth far away,
And we call it now "Old Times."

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SUICIDE.

It will be remembered, that we left little Ellen in the dark, damp vault of that miserable old structure, which we have just seen the coroner take possession of, for the purpose of holding an inquest upon a female body; and it may naturally be inferred, that the burglar kept his word with the guilty deacon, and earned his money by a bloody deed. We will therefore now return to our little heroine, and see whether this inference is correct or not.

It was a horrible night that the poor child passed in that loathsome place, with only rats, and animals of a still inferior grade, for companions. She did not lie down on the piece of old carpet thrown to her by Mulwrack—but crept half-way up the ladder, and clung there for hours, terrified and despairing, but continually praying to her Heavenly Father for deliverance. When daylight came, although it reached not her rayless prison, Margaret raised the trap-door, and bade her come up; and Ellen was not slow to obey this new order—or rather, avail herself of this permission.

"If you won't try to get away again," said Margaret, "and won't make no noise, and will promise to go right down below and be silent, if anybody comes, we'll let you stay up here, perhaps all day."

"Oh! ma'am, I'll promise anything, if you'll only let me be with you!" said the almost heart-broken little girl, in a piteous tone.

Margaret gave her a peculiar look—a look which Ellen knew not how to interpret—and immediately turned away, to busy herself about the chimney; but Mulwrack, who was lying awake on the bed, immediately added:

"Well, little gal, it's my opinion you'd best keep pretty quiet, and do what you're told! Mag, you know I've let her come up to please you; and I tell you agin, if she gits away, it'll cost you your life, may be."

"I'll stake my life against her escape, Jim," was Margaret's reply.

"Very well; and as I knows you for a true blue, when you set out, I'll just roll over and take another nap."

Accordingly, the robber turned himself over, with his head to the wall; and soon after, a loud snore announced that he had fallen asleep.

"Poor child!" whispered Margaret to Ellen; "don't despair! I'll save you."

She pointed Ellen to a seat as she spoke, made a sign for her to keep silent, and then busied herself with kindling a fire and preparing breakfast.

The sun was an hour or two high, when Mulwrack awoke, got up, and devoured his morning meal. Margaret handed Ellen some bread and meat; but she was suffering under such a burden of sorrow, that she ate only a very small quantity. Having finished his breakfast, the burglar had recourse to the bottle again, and invited Margaret to join him; but she positively refused to taste a drop of her favorite beverage.

"Mag," said Mulwrack, looking her full in the face, "either you're not well, or else you've got some —— plot in your head."

"I don't feel exactly well, Jim," she replied.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," he returned, with some show of feeling. "'Spose you lay down awhile!"

"No," she said, turning away, and hastily brushing a tear from her eye; "I'll wait till night, Jim, and then may be I'll sleep well. I think I shall rest then."

"Why, to-night, you know, we talk of going away," pursued the robber.

"I know I'm going away, Jim," she answered; "but I'd rather not lie down now."

"Well, please yourself," rejoined the other. Then, after a long pause, during which he seemed to be deeply ruminating, he called Margaret aside, and said: "Mag, we must send word to old Pinchbeck, that the gal's found, so as he can be ready with the tin, when I call on him to-night. How'll we do it? I can't go out, for fear of the beaks; and you ain't no beauty, jest now, with that there face."

"Do you intend to call on him yourself to-night?" inquired Margaret.

"Yes, that's my notion."

"What time will you go?"

"I'll start out as soon as it gits to be dark."

"How long will you be away?"

"Well, an hour, maybe—maybe longer. Why?"

"Nothing—only I want to know what time I'll start on my journey."

"Jest arter I git back—'twont take me long to do the job."

"Oh! Jim, don't do it!" said Margaret, earnestly. "Come, Jim—don't!"

"Now stop this fool talk!" replied the burglar, roughly. "I won't stand it, Mag."

"But see here, Jim—couldn't you make as much, or more, by telling the child what's coming to her, and all about the deacon's wicked plot?"

"Why, she hain't got no money; and the old feller is living, and may live ten years; and she can't git a copper till he's dead; and this, you know, will be right in hand."

"But, Jim, something bad'll come on't!" said Margaret, sorrowfully.

"Oh! you're always gitting skeered, Mag; so don't say no more, or I'll git mad! Come! tell me how I'll git word to old Pinchbeck, I want it to go to him kind of mysterious like, so as nobody else won't know nothing about it."

"Perhaps I'd better write him a note," suggested Margaret.

"That's it—that's it—and then you can hire a boy to take it," returned Mulwrack. "It takes you, Mag."

Accordingly, the few words, on a dirty scrap of paper, which we transcribed in a former chapter, were dictated by Mulwrack, written by Margaret, and dispatched to Deacon Pinchbeck by a boy, who found him in his business office, not far from the Exchange. The effect of that note, as has already been shown, was to induce the deacon to prepare himself to pay in gold for the commission of an awful crime.

But little was said to Ellen during the remainder of the day, which seemed for all parties to drag heavily to a close. Mulwrack occasionally walked about the room, and stamped his foot with angry impatience; but Margaret mostly sat in silence, seemingly brooding over something dark and terrible. As night set in, Mulwrack prepared to go forth. Just before leaving, he called Margaret to him, and said, with some feeling:

"Mag, you don't seem in good spirits; but don't mind this little affair—it's nothing alarming—and as soon as it's over, we'll bolt, and leave on the first train. We'll git away—don't you fear."

"Will nothing change you, Jim?" inquired the other.

"Nothing but the deacon's backing out; and I ain't much afeard of that—the old rascal's too anxious for future wealth."

"Well, go!" said Margaret, in a voice slightly tremulous; and impulsively, as she spoke, she threw her arms around the burglar's neck, and burst into tears.

"Come, come, Mag," returned the other, a little affected, in spite of himself, "you're making a fool of yourself, and me too. What's come over you all at once? You didn't use to mind trifles."

"I know, Jim, I've been a bad woman," sobbed the other.

"Pish! nonsense! you hain't been no such a thing—don't think so. There! there! stop now—I can't stand this —— whining."

"Jim, you've often stole money to keep me from starving," said Margaret, with feeling solemnity; "may God forgive you!"

"Why, Mag, I believe you're going mad!" said the robber, in a tone of surprise; "you'd better turn preacher and done with it. Now see here!" he continued, somewhat sternly, "don't go for to let your chicken heart work up your feelings for this here gal—'cause it's no use. If I knowed you was going to let her off, I'd take her down stairs, and strangle her at once."

"Didn't I say, Jim, I'd stake my life against her security, and did I ever break my word to you when I pledged it that way?"

"No, that's a fact; you never did, Mag; I'll say that for you."

"But I've many times been cross to you, Jim, and I feel so bad just now, I want you to say you forgive me."

"I reckon I'd better ax that of you," returned the burglar, with a softened expression, "seeing as how I've beat you so many times."

"Never mind that, Jim," rejoined Margaret, quickly; "but just say you forgive me."

"In course I do. Why, what the —— is the matter with you to-night?"

"Nothing—nothing. There, I'm all right now."

"Well, don't let the gal know nothing, Mag, I won't be long away, and you can be all ready to travel when I git back."

With this the burglar unbolted the door, cast one or two quick, searching glances around him, and disappeared in the darkness. His subsequent interview with Deacon Pinchbeck is already known to the reader.

Margaret stood at the door a few minutes, gazing upon the spot where the form of the burglar had disappeared from her view. Then heaving a long, deep sigh, she turned back into the room, closed the door, sunk heavily upon a seat, covered her eyes with her hands, and for some time remained almost motionless, seemingly in great distress of mind. Then she got up, and going to the fireplace, struck a light, placed it on the table, and turned to little Ellen, who sat watching her in anxious silence.

"Ellen," she said, in a low, solemn tone, "I promised to save you, and I'm going to keep my word. You and I are going to part now, and we'll never meet again—no, never, never!"

"What do you mean, ma'am?" inquired little Ellen, anxiously.

"Hush! don't speak so loud, we might be overheard," said Margaret, glancing hastily around. Then drawing from her bosom a diamond ring and necklace of great value, she held them to the light, and continued: "Did you ever see these before, child?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I think so," answered Ellen, quickly. "At least, Miss Rosalind had just such pretty ornaments."

"Was she the lady you lived with when Mr. Mulwrack found you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And would you like to take these back to that good lady?" inquired Margaret.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes!" cried Ellen, clasping her hands, and looking eagerly, almost wildly, at the other. "Oh, ma'am, if you will let me go back, I will kneel down every night, as long as I live, and call on Heaven to bless you. Oh, ma'am, I do so want to tell dear Rosalind that I didn't take away her pretty things, after her being so good to me;" and as she said this, she burst into tears.

"Poor, dear, sweet, innocent little child!" cried Margaret, impulsively throwing her arms around the gentle orphan, and straining her to her heart. "Oh, would to God," she added, in a tone that betrayed intense emotion, "would to God, I could be as innocent as you are! Oh, what a guilty wretch I've been! So wicked, that I know God won't forgive me."

"Don't think that, ma'am," returned Ellen, soothingly. "My dear mother used to say, God would forgive anybody that repented and tried to be good."

"But I can't try to be good—it's too late," exclaimed Margaret, bursting into tears.

"Oh, no, ma'am, it's never too late to try," said little Ellen, consolingly; "so don't cry, please."

"But I've been such a bad, bad woman," sobbed the other, "and for so many years, too. Ah! dear child, you

don't know the wicked things I've done since I first came to this awful city. I was once pure and innocent like you are; but I was persuaded to run away from my happy home in the country, and begin a new life of wickedness, and let my parents break their hearts about me; and God won't surely forgive such a wretch as I am! I first saw Mr. Mulwrack in the country; we were both young then; and I loved him, and took his advice, and came with him to the city. I thought he meant to do well by me, and marry me, but he didn't. But perhaps I was more to blame than he," she continued, sobbingly; "at least, I want to think so now, for I love him still; but I can't see you murdered, for it was you that made me think again of old times."

"Murdered!" cried little Ellen, greatly horrified. "What do you mean, ma'am?"

"Yes, little innocent, they want to murder you, because you will one day get a great property, which somebody else wants to get hold off. Mr. Mulwrack is to have ten thousand dollars for doing the wicked deed, and he's gone now to see about it. But don't be afeard; you shan't be hurt. I told you I'd save you, and I'll do it; and my saving you will prevent him committing murder, so that I have a double reason for doing it."

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so frightened," said Ellen, trembling.

"And well you may be, poor child," returned the other. "But you must fly, and escape while you can. Here, take these things, and give them to the good lady, and tell her to pray for my soul. They're all I could save out of the plunder, but they're worth something, and I shall feel better to know I've sent something back;" and she nervously placed the ring and necklace in the trembling hand of the terrified Ellen. "You won't forget to pray for me, as you promised, will you?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Oh, no, ma'am—no—never!" cried the half-distracted child. "I'll pray for you every night, as long as we live."

"Well, kiss me good-bye, and go now, for there's no knowing when Mr. Mulwrack may come back."

Ellen threw her arms around Margaret's neck, and kissed her swollen lips.

"Here," added Margaret, thrusting a crumpled paper into the hand of Ellen, "conceal this in your bosom, and don't let anybody get hold of it but your friends; it will tell you all about the *fortune*. Quick, now, *my sweet* child, put on your bonnet and fly, for I tremble all the while you stay here. There, now, go! go! stay not another minute!"

"Won't you come with me, ma'am?" said Ellen.

"No! no! I must stay here."

"But Mr. Mulwrack might——"

"I know what you would say," rejoined the other, as Ellen paused, for fear of wounding her feelings, and looked anxiously into Margaret's face. "You think he'll beat me—maybe kill me—but he won't; you needn't fear;" and she drew a long, deep sigh. "Come," she cried, starting up, and half-dragging little Ellen to the door, which she cautiously opened; "one kiss more, and then, good-bye—*forever!*"

The last word was pronounced emphatically, in a tone of deep, mournful solemnity.

The little orphan required no further urging to induce her to hasten her departure from a place where, as she had now learned, her life was not safe from one minute to another, and so, imprinting a farewell kiss upon the lips of Margaret, she murmured, "God bless you, ma'am!" and disappeared in the darkness.

For some five minutes Margaret remained at the door, motionless as a statue, looking out upon the night. Then, with another long, deep sigh, she turned back into the house, and closed the door, but did not bolt it.

"He'd have killed her, and that would have been murder," she muttered, walking up and down the room; "he'd kill me for letting her go, and that would be murder, too; but if I die before he comes, I'll save him; and I can never die less guilty than I am now. O God!" she continued, clasping her hands and looking upward, in an attitude of supplication, "forgive this wicked being, for the Redeemer's sake! I am about to stand in Thy awful presence by the last wicked deed I'll ever do; and O God! receive my soul, and put it not into eternal torments, for the Redeemer's sake!"

As she ceased, she drew a small paper from her bosom, opened it with a trembling hand, and glanced at the white powder it contained. A cold shudder passed through her frame.

"It is terrible!" she muttered; "but it must be done, and if not done at once, I may lose the courage. I'll not think till too late to escape. Jim, I die for you. O God! forgive me!"

With a spasmodic movement, she raised the paper to her lips, and swallowed the contents.

It was that deadly poison known as strychnine.

"Now, then, let me pray till death comes," she said, kneeling upon the ground.

She continued kneeling and praying for about twenty minutes. Suddenly clasping her temples with both hands, she cried, "I die! I die!" and fell over upon her back.

These were her last words. Life continued a few minutes longer, and then her spirit took its flight to the eternal world.

Thus died poor Margaret Cassady; died by her own hand, the death of a suicide; died in the very prime and vigor of womanhood; died alone—as hundreds and thousands of wretched beings have died—without one kind, consoling word, to lift the desolation of her crime-burdened soul, and cheer it, with a ray of hope, in its dark flight over the dread abyss which separates time from eternity; died that another, whom she loved, might not stain his hands with her own blood, or the blood of the innocent orphan. Who dare say, in the great summing up of the good and ill of her mortal life, that the doom of eternal woe shall be pronounced upon that poor, unfortunate, deeply-erring woman? Who dare step between her and her God, to give human judgment?

When, after quitting Deacon Pinchbeck, burdened with the price of blood, and ready to plunge his dark soul into the awful crime of murder, James Mulwrack entered that old hovel, he found the candle burning on the table, and its feeble, flickering rays falling upon the upturned face of her who had long been his partner in guilt. With an angry oath, supposing her intoxicated or asleep, he stooped down to raise her, and found her dead. Then, like lightning, the meaning of her mysterious words and actions flashed upon his dizzy brain; and with a yell of horror—a yell that resounded through that old hovel, and far out into the night, like the shrieking of a demon among the damned—he started to his feet, and turned and fled; fled as one who fancied himself pursued by a ghastly phantom—fled into the deep darkness, which covered him as a pall, and concealed him from all human eyes.

A woman was the first, after the burglar, to discover the corpse of Margaret; and she hastened to inform the coroner, who lived not far from the limits of the Infected District; and this will account for his presence there, at that hour of the night, and so soon after the commission of the fatal deed.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ARREST.

If the burglar fled rapidly, to escape from the miserable locality we have so often named, so did little Ellen; and both fled in terror—though the terrors of one were as different from the terrors of the other, as night is from day, or guilt is from innocence. Both avoided their own kind as much as possible, and both were more than once startled, with a new thrill of fear, at the sight of a mere shadow. But though little Ellen gained hope with distance, she was destined to remain still longer in the meshes of the web which Fate had woven around her. She had already hurried through several narrow lanes and alleys, and was on the point of turning the corner of a large and lighted street, when a tall youth, who was standing under a lamp which she had to pass, suddenly sprung forward and caught hold of her, exclaiming, in a voice which she recognized with increased alarm:

"So, my little runaway, I've got ye agin, have I? I thought as how I'd cast my grappling irons on to ye agin afore long, for I knowed you'd be about these here quarters, for all of the —— lie you told the old woman, about your big-bug friends, and such like stuff!"

"Oh, John M'Callan, let me go—do!" cried Ellen, piteously, trying to disengage herself from the grasp of the villainous youth.

"Hush your noise, afore I break your head!" growled John; "and come *with* me! Yes! I'll let *you* go, arter the trick you played *me* 'tother night! I'll let ye go, in a horn, you little jade! Come along!"

"I won't go with you!" cried Ellen, holding back, as John began to drag her forward. "Let go of me—or I'll scream for help!"

"If you do, and a watchman or constable comes, I'll hand you over to him, and swear you're a little thief—which I 'spect you is, you minx! So come along, I say, right quiet now!"

At this moment, poor little Ellen's eye fell upon a man, coming up the street, at no great distance; and true to her word, she began to scream for help. John closely and hurriedly examined the approaching party; and seeing he was neither a watchman, constable, nor policeman—for all these functionaries, belonging to that locality, were well known to him—he retained his hold of the little girl, determined to brave it out.

"What are you doing with that child? why don't you let her alone?" inquired the man, a decently dressed individual, though with a face that indicated a habitual indulger in strong liquors.

"She's a runaway sister," replied John, boldly; "and I'm trying to git her home—her poor mother's most crazy about her."

"If that's it, my little girl, my advice to you is to go along peacably with your brother, or else you'll get into trouble."

"That's what I tell her," said John.

"Oh, sir, it isn't true—don't believe him! I'm not his sister; and he is trying to drag me away to some bad place, indeed, indeed he is, sir!" cried little Ellen, greatly terrified. "Oh, sir, kind sir, please get me away from him! and I'll go along with you for protection, till I get away from here."

"Hear the little liar," said John. "Oh, you're not my sister, aint you, eh? Well, I jest wonder that ther' lie don't choke you, you bad gir!."

"I don't know which to believe," said the man, passing on; "and so I'll leave you to settle the matter between yourselves."

Ellen continued to call for help; and her cries soon attracted several other persons to her side; but as soon as they heard John's story, they all took part against the unfortunate little orphan, and no one seemed to give credence to her assertions—so true it is, that a falsehood is generally more readily believed than the truth.

John seemed to have matters all his own way; and he had begun to drag off poor little Ellen, in spite of her struggles, appeals, remonstrances, and protestations, when some one exclaimed:

"Well, I reckon she'll have to go now, or fare worse, for here comes a constable."

"Where?" cried John, looking eagerly around.

"There," replied the other; "Constable Pat Cafferty, coming across the street."

Instantly John let go of Ellen; and, darting through the ring of by-standers, made good his escape.

"What's all the muss here, jist?" demanded the constable, in a pompous tone, as he came up to the group speaking in broad brogue. "What, in the fiend's name, is ye all afther doing here, jist, disturbing the pace wid yer infernal hullabaloo?"

The speaker was a mean-looking man, with a red, pock-marked face, small eyes, and a short, turned up nose, who appeared to be highly inflated with the idea of his own importance.

The person who had recognized the constable now hastened to explain the whole matter, as he understood it, adding that the story of the youth might be all false, as he had run away the moment he saw the officer approaching.

"Run away, did he, the spalpeen?" rejoined the great little man; "why didn't ye stop him! And it's yersilf, is it, that's the tief of the night now?" he continued, seizing hold of the trembling little orphan, in a very rough manner. "It's yersilf, is it, ye tief ye, as is disturbing honest paples wid yer hullabaloo? Agh! it's mesilf as will put the likes of ye now where ye'll be safe till the morning jist, and for some time afther, I'm thinking."

"Oh, sir, don't take me away—please don't!" cried little Ellen. "Oh, sir, please let me go! I haven't done anything wrong—indeed, indeed I haven't!"

"Whist! ye tief ye! And ye hasn't done onything wrong? Hear that now! Whoop! hear that now! Wid yer hullabaloo and the disturbance of the pace! And it's not wrong, is it, jist? Och! ye're a deep one! ye're a cunning vagabond, now! Nothing wrong, is't? Whoop! but ye're dangerous to society, wid yer contaminations and lies, now! Troth! it's mesilf as will tak' care o' the likes of ye, and kape ye from doing wrong. Raising a mob is nothing wrong, is't? Och! we'll see! We'll let you cipher that out down below, jist, ye tief!"

Then, as this mighty constable began to drag away his trembling little captive, he deigned to honor the crowd, whose numbers were rapidly augmenting, with some very sage advice.

"Disperse wid ye! Disperse wid ye! every one of ye! and go to your homes now! and kape the pace: and beware of the law!" And then to Ellen: "Come, ye tief! and trot your trotters, jist! and whist your crying now! It's a beauthiful buzness ye's been afther doing, ye vagabond! to raise this mob, to disturb the pace. Och! ye'll land in the watch-house the night—and the prison the morrow—and be hanged the next day—and there's an ind for ye to tink aboot, ye little vagabond!"

Little Ellen, seeing it was in vain to protest against her arrest to such a brute of an officer, now gave up the idea in despair, and, suppressing her agonized emotions as much as possible, she trotted along by his side, wondering what new troubles were in store for her, and when they would have an end.

Having got fairly clear of the Infected District and the crowd, which had followed him some distance, Pat Cafferty suddenly entered a drinking house, taking his little prisoner into the bar-room with him, where she beheld some half a dozen rough-looking fellows lounging about, with tumblers in their hands, alternately drinking and swearing and boisterously talking politics.

In the bar stood a dirty, bloated, red-faced Irishman, who seemed to be every way fitted to serve as a sign that he sold bad liquors and extensively patronized himself.

"And who've ye got this time, Pat?" inquired the host of the constable, as the latter advanced to the bar to make a new investment in his favorite beverage.

"The fiend's own tief, it's like, Mickey," answered Cafferty, with a mysterious shake of the head. "Och! but she's a dangerous cratur in society now, and it's a time I had to arrest her, sure, as little as she looks, the spalpeen. Ah, Mickey (emptying his glass), it's a world this same—and a sorry life is a constabble's, as gits no credit for his devotion to the weal."

"That's thrue for ye, Pat," replied the other; "and if ye had yer desarts, ye'd be alderman or mayor for yer vigilance. But what did she do, Pat?"

"I'll tell ye private, as a frind, now, so I will," replied the constable, mysteriously, leaning over the bar, and speaking in a tone scarcely above a whisper. "Government sacrets must be kept, d'ye mind, Mickey?"

"Thrue for ye, Pat; and on the honor of the ancient family of O'Rourke——"

"Troth! and don't I know ye for a friend, Mickey!" interrupted the other; "and when I knows a man for a frind, by St. Pathrick's bones! it's mesilf as can trust him, d'ye see? I'd tak' a drop more, Mickey, my frind, but divil a cint now have I got aboot me."

"Never mind, Pat, ye'll drink wid me now," said the worthy landlord, pouring his villainous compound into two glasses, which were speedily emptied. "And now let's have the sacret?"

"And sure for ye, and what d'ye say to inciting to riot, Mickey?"

"Howly mother! and so young, too!"

"Yes, Mickey; and, it's like, mesilf'll git more kicks than thanks for vinturing my life to tak' her from her supporters. Och! but it's a sorry life, this same constabbling."

"Och! but ye're courageous, Pat Cafferty."

"The same to yersilf, Mickey O'Rourke—and a good e'en to ye."

"Ye'll come back and report now?"

"I will that same, 'pon me sowl.'

"Well, good-bye to ye, and tak' care of yersilf, jist."

With this Patrick Cafferty and Michael O'Rourke shook hands, with all the solemnity worthy of such a parting, and the mighty constable immediately set off alone with his dangerous prisoner.

"Och! but ye're fearful in society, so ye is," said the constable to poor little Ellen, as he hurried her along through the streets. "Inciting to riot, now, and the like! Tare and ouns! but ye'll be hanged, d'ye mind!"

"I didn't do anything, sir—indeed I didn't!" sobbed little Ellen, in reply. "I was going along very quietly, sir, when John M'Callan caught hold of me, and tried to drag me away to some bad place."

"John M'Callan, d'ye say? Agh! thin ye was in bad company. I'd say that for him, if I am liking the owld woman, his mother. Faith! it's a clane case agin st ye—as plain as the nose on me face; and if the paples had ony gratithude for sarvices rindered for their security, sure it's Pat Cafferty as 'ud be the next mayor, jist."

"Oh, sir, please do let me go!" pleaded Ellen, sobbingly; "I wasn't doing anything bad, sir—indeed, indeed I wasn't. John M'Callan stopped me, and wanted to drag me away, I don't know where; and I was calling for help, and that drew the crowd around. Oh, sir, I have done nothing. Please let me go to my kind friends, and I will bless you, sir, and pray heaven to bless you, too!"

The great man of the law was overwhelmed at the audacity of his dangerous prisoner, in repeating her request, and he almost fancied that his ears had deceived him. What! Could she for a moment suppose that any earthly consideration—or, for that matter, heavenly either—would induce him to so far forget his duty, as to set at liberty a prisoner under his charge? and, more especially, a prisoner guilty of inciting to riot? as she really was, according to the muddled ideas that crowded his muddled brain. But, most probably, his ears had deceived him.

He stopped by a street lamp, where he could get a distinct view of little Ellen's face, and said:

"What's that? What's that? Will ye be afther repating it to me, now? Did me siventeen sinses desave me, jist? or did ye say something aboot my litting ye go?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied Ellen; "I said if you would only let me go to my friends, I would bless you as long as I lived, and would pray heaven to bless you, too, sir!"

"Tare and ouns!" cried the constable, holding up both hands in astonishment; "that me mother's son should iver live to hear the likes, wid me own ears! To tink of coaxing mesilf, Pat Cafferty, into a compound felony! Whoop! but ye're dangerous! ye'd contaminate a saint, so ye would. Let ye go now? Whoop! let ye go now? And to me, too, ye said it! to me, spalpeen! to me, the dread constabble of the law! Och! but this same's a dangerous world we live in!"

"And won't you let me go, sir?"

"Agin!" gasped the constable. "Come along wid yer contaminations. Ye'll be hanged the morrow, jist, and sarve ye right. Ay, by me sowl! it's trying to vartue, this same constabbling; and the man that's under mayor, can never be above timptations. So come along wid ye! and howld yer whist now! It's like to be hanged ye is!"

With these consoling words, the incorruptible man of office hurried little Ellen forward; and, as she trotted along by his side, he preached her a regular sermon upon the heinousness of the offence of attempting to corrupt one possessed of such immaculate principles as himself. During this discourse, which was seasoned with all the peculiar idioms in Pat Cafferty's vocabulary, little Ellen was taken past the door of Deacon Absalom Pinchbeck.

She recognized the house with a shudder, for she remembered the scene in which she had figured within those walls some months before, and instinct, if not reason, told her that there resided an enemy of all who might chance to be unfortunate.

Little did she dream, though, how great an enemy to herself, individually, was the master of that dwelling; and that to his wicked plots was she indebted for all the troubles which had recently come upon her.

Passing down Eighth street to Christian, the officer, with his little charge, turned westward, and, pursuing this latter thoroughfare across Ninth street, at length made a halt before a large, fine-looking building, which was surmounted with a cupola, had a lighted clock on its front, and was entered by a long flight of stone steps, under an imposing colonnade. Bright jets of gas, from two street lamps, threw the building into strong relief against the dark background of night, and revealed, to the wondering gaze of the little orphan, the stately, massive structure on the opposite side of the way, known as the church of St. Paul.

To little Ellen, coming from the gloomy locality we have described, into the bright light, the building nearest her looked more like a palace than a loathsome prison; but if she for a moment fancied it was a place for happy hearts and bright thoughts, she was doomed to be speedily undeceived; for the officer, after a brief halt, during which he exchanged a few words, in a low tone, with a rough-looking individual, again hurried her forward—not up the street, nor up the stone steps—but to a side door in the rear, through which she was conducted down into a dark, gloomy, dismal passage, extending along past damp, filthy, malarious cells, which, so far from being fit to contain human beings, were actually not worthy of the very swine that run at large in the streets. Opening the door of one of the filthiest of these cells, the constable rudely thrust little Ellen into it, saying:

"There ye'll be safe, ye tief! and in the morning, it's mesilf as will appear against ye, jist. Whist, now, wid yer blubbering noise!"

He closed the door, and locked it, leaving the poor little orphan a prey to new fears and horrors.

The cell in which she was now confined, was small and close, damp and filthy, and the stench was sickening. There was nothing to sit upon, and only the moist, slimy ground, under her feet, upon which to lie; and in this awful hole, whose last occupant was a ragged, drunken wretch, she was destined to pass another night of misery—misery beyond the power of pen to portray, if not the imagination to conceive. While standing here, sobbing, and leaning against one of the walls, to support her tottering frame, and wishing she were dead and at rest, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and the constable, with a glass lantern in his hand, entered, and coolly surveyed her from head to foot.

"And, sure," he said, "it's like, now, ye'd best be tilling me ye stole the fine clothes from, that ye've got on?"

"Oh! sir, I didn't steal them!" sobbed little Ellen; "indeed, indeed I didn't, sir! I'll tell you, sir, where I got them. I——"

"Whist, now, wid yer lies!" interrupted Constable Cafferty—"it's mesilf as'll not hear 'em now! And troth, now, and what else did ye stale? it's that I wants to know. Out wid it now, ye little tief! what else did ye stale?"

"Nothing, sir—I never stole anything in my life—I wouldn't do such a wicked thing, sir; oh! indeed, indeed I would not!"

"I'll see for mesilf. What's that ye've got in yer fist there, that ye're howlding so tight, jist? Open it, till I see, ye tief!"

Ellen opened her hand, and displayed, to the astonished and avaricious gaze of the officer, the splendid necklace and diamond ring which she had received from the ill-fated Margaret, to return to her sweet cousin, Rosalind. Pat Cafferty snatched the jewels from her hand, and hurriedly examined them by the light of the lantern. It needed no very long scrutiny, to convince him that they were genuine; and looking quickly around to the partly opened door, to be certain that no other human being witnessed the act, he thrust them into his pocket, and said, in a low, guarded tone:

"Whist, now, wid ye! Don't spake of the likes to ony one—it might hang ye, jist! Och! but it's grateful ye should be, now, that ye fell into the hands of sich an officer as mesilf! But don't spake of the trinkets to his honor, the Alderman, when ye come before him in the morning—it might be a hanging matter, so it might. It's mesilf as'll be asy wid ye now, and not bring 'em aginst ye, at all, at all."

"But please, sir, give them back to me," said Ellen. "They're not mine, sir, they belong to my dear friend, Rosalind, and were stolen from her by a man that came in the night, and took me away with him, and locked me up in his house. I had just got away from him, and was trying to find my way back again——"

"Ye're lying now, so ye is," interrupted the constable, "and, sure, ye knows it! It's mesilf as knows they was stolen, and ye're the tief; but don't mintion 'em to his honor, and I'll not bring 'em aginst ye."

"If you'll give them back to me, sir," sobbed little Ellen, "I'll do as you say, and say nothing about them, till I see dear Rosalind again."

"Give 'em back, is't—give 'em back, now? Troth! but ye're a dape one, wid the cunning of the Owld Sarpint in ye! See here now—ye'll not git 'em, no ye won't; and if ye spake of 'em, it's mesilf as'll swear ye stole 'em, and then it's like ye'll be hanged for your wicked doings. Give 'em back! Whoop! whist wid yer nonsense! And have ye ony more, jist?"

"No, sir."

"In yer bosom, it's like, ye have!"

"No, sir, I haven't any more," sobbed Ellen.

"Well, thin, go to slape till morning, and say nothing aboot 'em to his honor, and it's like I'll git ye off from being hanged."

With this the officer hurried out, and locked the door, and little Ellen was again in darkness and alone, and felt as if Heaven itself had given her over to the powers of evil. She wept till the fountain of her tears became dry; she stood till her weak and trembling limbs refused to support her; and then she sunk down in despair on the damp, filthy ground, and moaned in her anguish, in concert with many other wretched beings in other cells around her, till a kind of obliviousness, akin to sleep, sealed up her senses.

And so passed that awful night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PARTNER FOR LIFE.

What is the aim of nine out of ten of the young ladies who have suitors visiting them? Do they have any? Certainly—most of them do, only to forget it. A little presence of mind on these occasions would save future unhappiness. The young gentleman, in many instances, is agreeable, gay, and handsome; and this dazzles the eyes so utterly, that the young lady refuses to look farther. She should satisfy herself upon such points as these:

"Will those eyes, in which Cupid now dances so merrily, always find expression from the love of a true soul? Now he says many pleasant things, and draws pretty pictures for the future. Does he go to-morrow to work which gives promise of the fulfillment of your desires in life? Do his ambitions and achievements satisfy you? Does his everyday life shine with the noble endeavors of a trustworthy man? If you think, and desire a companion in your thinking, one who can unlock the deepest depths of your mind, to what strata of humanity does he belong in the scale of excellence and morality? Is he doing all he can to build up future usefulness and happiness, in which you can share and feel blessed?"

These are the questions which the experience of after years makes many women weep in bitterness of soul that they had not thought of before they answered "Yes." We should look out for to-day's reputations and to-morrow's successes. The witticisms and endearments lavished so freely may all be very pleasant, but they will not last. They will grow tame and spiritless, and if nothing else comes to take their place, woe to the happiness vainly invoked on the shores of the desolation opening all around.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A MIXTURE of oil and ink is good to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the last blackens them.

DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.—Sal volatile, combined with camphor, is more efficacious than most remedies in affording relief in depression of spirits, heartburn, spasms, palpitations, etc.

TO CLEAN BOOTS AND SHOES MADE OF ENAMELED LEATHER.—Water is sufficient to remove any dirt which impairs the gloss on enameled leather. It may afterwards be rubbed with a dry flannel.

LIQUID BLACKING.—Rub well together one pound of ivory black in fine powder, three-quarters of a pound of molasses, and two ounces of sweet oil. Afterwards add one pint of vinegar and the same quantity of beer.

IT is said that drops prepared as follows will cure the worst case of toothache ever known: One ounce of alcohol, two drachms Cayenne pepper, one ounce kerosene oil; let it stand twenty-four hours after mixing.

THE simplest, and, perhaps the best, paint to prevent buried wood from decaying is made of boiled linseed oil into which charcoal is stirred until the whole is of proper consistence. Apply with an ordinary paint brush.

CROUP can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

SILVERING THE BACKS OF LOOKING-GLASSES.—Take a sheet of tin-foil, and spread it upon a table; then rub mercury upon it with a hare's foot till the two metals incorporate. Lay the plate of glass upon it, and load it with weights, which will have the effect of pressing out the excess of mercury that was applied to the tin-foil. In a few hours the tin-foil will adhere to the glass and convert it into a mirror. About two ounces of mercury are sufficient for covering three square feet of glass.

EARACHE.—Perhaps some mother may thank us for the following remedy for earache. Take a piece of salt pork, say an inch or more long and half an inch square, cut down one end to fit the ear, and insert it, taking care not to let it slip in. This always gives almost instant relief. Tie a handkerchief to keep it in place, if the child will allow it. Use also use pork for sore throat, croup, and lung colds. Cut slices full half an inch thick, dip in warm water, sprinkle on a little pepper, and sew on flannel.

A PERFECT YEAST.—Sift a pint of flour, pour boiling water on it till thoroughly wet, stir well and set aside till cooled to blood heat. Then add a teacupful of yeast. In twenty-four hours the mass will be yeast of the best quality. To make this into yeast cakes, work enough sifted corn meal into it to enable the mass to be rolled out flat on a board or table. Cut it into squares and dry in a brisk wind, but not a hot sun. If kept perfectly dry, this yeast will remain good for a year or more, but it is best when made every three or six months.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE Sultan of Turkey employs in his palace 6,000 servants.

A PATENT editorial stove, which only burns a basket of poems a day, is out.

A DOCKYARD for building ironclads is to be constructed at Foochow, China.

BASHFULNESS is often like silver plating, when it wears off, the brass is visible.

CHINESE pirates are again becoming troublesome off the eastern coast of the Celestial Kingdom.

SIX Milwaukee women agreed to decide by vote which had the handsomest baby. Each baby got one vote.

DESPITE acts of Parliament, English women and girls of tender years continue to labor in the brick fields like slaves.

THERE are only thirty-seven daily papers in all England, Ireland and Scotland, and yet the people are comparatively happy.

THERE were in 1873, 323 universities and colleges in the United States, with 52,053 students. Ohio has the largest number of institutions; New York the next largest.

IT was stated the other day in the British Parliament by Sir H. James that the debt owing by bankrupt foreign States amounts to no less than £240,000,000, of which the greater part, almost all, is held in England.

A GOLD knee-buckle of good workmanship was recently found by a citizen living in the vicinity of Braddock's Field, in the western part of the State. It is thought to have belonged to one of the unfortunate victims of Braddock's defeat.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, an eminent English surgeon, is getting up a "Cremation Society," which will arrange for the incineration of remains in the most approved manner, and will erect at a cost of about $7,500 a suitable building in which to hold religious services.

THE following remarkable advertisement lately appeared in an English paper: "If the lady who struck a gentleman on the head with her umbrella for tearing her dress, on Bold street, on Wednesday last, will send her address to A. L., Post Office, Carlisle, she will hear something that will surprise her!"

A HEN-PECKED Englishman, lately deceased at Bath, has wreaked posthumous revenge upon his widow by leaving £50 per annum to be expended in having mournful dirges rung with muffled clappers from Abbey chimes all day long upon the anniversary of his wedding-day, and joyful peals to celebrate the recurrence of the date of his death, which released him from matrimonial bondage.

AT last there is a new fancy in the prestidigitation line. He borrowed a bonnet from a lady in the audience, and, as he was about to return it, it caught fire in the gas, and he had to stamp on it with both feet to extinguish the flame. Misery of the lady! It was her best bonnet. Then he fired a pistol, and a bonnet just like it fell from the chandelier in the middle of the theatre.

SINGULAR TITLE TO A BOOK.—The authors of the time of Elizabeth and James I often put quaint and ridiculous titles to their books; amongst others we may mention Joshua Sylvester, a Puritanical poet, who wrote a poem against tobacco, which bears this title: "Tobacco battered and the pipes shattered about their ears that idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at leastwise overlove so loathesome a vanity, by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon."

THE Constantinople Underground Railway, from Galata to Pera, was opened on January 17th. This unique work is 672 yards long, and conveys passengers from the level of the Bosphorus to the extreme height of Pera, an elevation of 200 feet, with an average gradient of one in ten. Its greatest depth below the surface is 80 feet. The motive power is a stationary engine, working a drum with endless bands. Trains run up and down simultaneously every five minutes, and are calculated to carry 30,000 passengers per diem. The carriages work very easily at an average speed of ten miles an hour.

THE following statement of the respective value per pound avoirdupois of metals is not without interest. The first four are so rare as to be sold in minute quantities, yet they are given for the sake of comparison with the others: Indium, $2,252.00; Vanadium, $3,510.00; Ruthenium, $1,400.00; Rhodium, $700.00; Palladium, $653.00; Uranium, $576.00; Osmium, $395.00; Iridium, $317.44; Gold, $361.45; Platinum, $115.20; Thallium, $108.77; Chromium, $58.00; Magnesium, $46.50; Potassium, $23.00; Silver, $18.25; Cobalt, $7.75; Cadmium, $6.00; Bismuth, $3.63; Sodium, $3.20; Nickel, $2.50; Mercury, $1.35; Antimony, 36 cents; Tin, 33 cents; Copper, 25 cents; Arsenic, 15 cents; Zinc, 11 cents; Lead, 7 cents; Iron, 2 cents.

TRINITY COLLEGE BUILDING, at Hartford, Conn., will, it is said, be very imposing. The general plan of the building, of which Mr. W. Burges, of London, is the architect, is a quadrangle, 1,050 feet long by 375 feet wide, divided into four courtyards of nearly equal size, containing altogether about four acres of ground. The style of architecture is early English Gothic—and the tower—240 feet in height—which rises in the centre of building, closely resembles the Victoria Tower of the new House of Parliament. This vast pile is to contain dormitories for 300 students, a chapel, a library, a museum, a dining-hall, a theatre, and an astronomical observatory and dwelling-house for the faculty, besides recitation rooms. The greater part of the building is but two stories in height, and where the third story is added it is partially included in the roof, with dormer windows. Frequent towers, differing in height and form, prevent the length of the building from having a monotonous appearance, and a number of spurs and turrets give variety to the sky line. The contract calls for the completion of the whole building in April, 1877. We are rejoiced to see these grand college buildings, but let it be remembered that with great men as professors and good libraries and apparatus, students will flock, even if there are no buildings.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 56 Park Place, New York.

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Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
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KISSING.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

The man or woman who doesn't believe in, and to some extent practice, the sweet art of kissing, is to be profoundly pitied, for as gifts strengthen friendship, kisses strengthen love; not promiscuous lip touches, but real, heartfelt kisses, such as should pass between parent and child, brother and sister, lover and beloved, or husband and wife.

Some parents maintain a Spartan-like firmness in regard to this practice, and would almost as soon think of cutting off a child's ears as of giving him a kiss, and the poor little human heart often, almost, or quite famished, or worse still, stunted and dwarfed, yet mature, yields, lost forever, an affection to the kisses of a betrayer that the out-acted and out-spoken love of parents might have saved to be the crowning glory of some home. The reason so many men fail, and so many women fail, is not because of having loved too much or too well, but because of misdirected affection.

A home where kisses are unknown is like a bower of thorns; like a desert where never an oasis greets the eye of the weary traveler; like a tree that buds, but never blooms; like all things that should be perfect in beauty, but that lack some great unobtainable requisite to perfection.

Some husbands never think of kissing their wives unless some unlooked-for event brings to mind the fact that there was a time—alas! long ago it may be—but there was a time when, all untested, the love of Mary was surely worth, not only the heart's devotion and the hands' labor, but a kiss besides.

"And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye."

When we hear of a man who is ashamed or afraid or hasn't time to kiss his wife, we are sure to find mention of him in the newspapers, almost as sure as we are to hear through the same medium of the discovery of a new planet.

Many are they, and great, and learned, who have striven to define kisses. More than these even have endeavored to test their composition, and he who has told us most and truest about them says:

"Kisses are but silent words;
Kisses, love, will ne'er deceive you;
Kissing tells what love affords."

"Silly," says one, and the reply is simply, "Who made you a ruler and a judge among men?"

SUNSHINE.

Do what you can to make sunshine in the world. Lift up the curtains. We do not mean the curtains to the room; but the curtains which darken the spirit of your brother, your friend, your neighbor, or even of a stranger, if the curtain strings are within your convenient reach.

Lift up the curtains, and let the sunshine in! Light is better than darkness, and how cheap it is! A kind and cheering word to one who is in trouble, and is perplexed, and almost discouraged; a word of heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted; a loving word of counsel to the young; a word of assurance to the doubting; a "soft word which, though it butters no parsnips, turneth away wrath," to the prejudiced and unreasonably provoked; all such words as these are sunshine to those to whom they are spoken.

"I have never found anything else so cheap and so useful as politeness," said an old traveler to us once. He then went on to state that, early in life, finding how useful it was, frequently, to strangers, to give them some information of which they were in search, and which he possessed, he had adopted the rule always to help everybody he could in such little opportunities as were constantly offering in his travels. The result was, that out of the merest trifles of assistance rendered in this way, had grown some of the pleasantest and most valuable acquaintances that he had ever formed.

How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood! And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sank deep and immovably into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him?

Make sunlight! the world at best is dark enough. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happier.

Perseverance.—For the encouragement of little fingers and little voices, tired with "practising the scales" day after day, we will tell our young readers the story of the musical education of Caffarelli, a great vocalist living a hundred years ago. His instructor was Porpora, the most eminent of that day. Under him he for five years sang nothing but a set of scales written down on one sheet of paper. The pupil finding, in the sixth year, his patience beginning to give way, inquired of his master as to when he would get beyond the rudiments of his art. "Young man," said Porpora, "you may leave me; you have nothing more to learn. You are the greatest singer in the world."

SWEET HOME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Sweet Home!" Oh, blissful, holy place,
When perfect love and peace are found
Within it, shedding joy and grace
To make the threshold "hallowed ground."

When heart to heart and hand to hand
Are closely linked by silken chains;
Where each one shares the fears, the cares,
The hopes, the pleasures, and the pains.

Where open deeds and guileless speech
Dissolve all clouds of mean Deceit;
Where honest eyes without disguise
Look straight into the eyes they meet.

Where words that preach "Good will to all,"
And widely herald "peace on earth,"
Are heard in gentle tones to fall
Like music of seraphic birth;

Where the rich flower of Conduct blows
From the pure bud of Christian Thought;
And living practice daily throws
Truth's halo round the precept taught.

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
Where "Home" is all that "Home" *should be;*
And Man, despite his fallen race,
Some trace of Eden still can see.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER SIX.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Somebody is absent to-night—somebody whose step in the hall has been your vesper-music week after week, month after month, possibly year after year.

You have drawn the little sewing-chair close to the fire, for the night is cold, the table close to the chair, laid your work-box under the drop-light, pushed up a hassock for your feet—your poor little lonesome feet, that ache because they cannot fly *to him*—and everything is ready for the evening's quiet work.

But, somehow, you have no heart to begin it. Your hands are not quite steady. You stand watching the hands of the clock, and thinking they do not move at all. Yet you can hear distinctly the "tick-tick" that convinces you the clock is doing duty still—though it is *so slow* withal, and, with a little sigh, you turn to the desk on which his letter lies—his letter, that came to-day, and was like—a *little* like—the coming of himself.

You "take it up tenderly," turn it over and over, looking at the cleanly seal, at the clear, bold address, and then, you don't know why, but something like rain is blurring the words, and the lips you press there fondly are quivering like the lips of a grieved young child.

A rustling of the curtain startles you. It was only the wind through the transom—and even had it been *your mother*, you do not know why the letter should have been hidden—the letter and the tears upon your face.

He is your husband, and you have a right to kiss and to cry over his letters; but, somehow, you choose to do so when you are alone—and you are a wise, true woman.

Some things are too sacred for sharing.

You are sitting in the rocker now, and you are reading over the letter. You know every word of it by heart. You could repeat it from beginning to end with emphasis and inflection exact, and pauses all correct. But you read it again and again, finding always a tenderer meaning in the tender words, and folding it away with a little sigh at last, because you cannot read on and on till morning.

You are sewing now.

The tears shine yet on your brown, drooped lashes, but your lips are glad in their smiling, and your heart is full of content, save that *he* is away.

You are darning a tiny little hole in a sock that *he* has worn, that he will wear again, if God is good to you, and bring him back in safety, and the labor, which is *not* labor to you, might seem the dullest sort of prose to some, but to you it is full of poetry, which your heart sets to music the divinest.

You are very, very happy.

How strange it all seems to you!

Such a little while ago you had not known each other, had not met at all, and now, father and mother and all the wide, wide world are as naught compared to that which the ring upon your hand reveals.

You go back over the days of your girlhood, wondering you were so light of heart without him, when now he is your only joy. You live again the time of your first strange meeting, and all that has grown out of it, and you know there is none like him in purity and gentleness and strength in all the sweet world of earth or heaven.

And he loves you so!

Again you take up the letter, and again you read:

"Oh, darling of darlings! I thank God so earnestly, so truly for the great gift and glory of your love, that human heart never sent on high a truer homage of gratitude; and what a holy faith and love has the grandeur, the beauty, the tenderness, the all things beautiful in *your* life given birth to in my own. God make me worthy to go hand in hand with you forever!"

The clock ticks loudly, but you only hear his voice. The pictures gleam out from the shadows on the wall, but you only see his face. The wind stirs the light lace at the window, and you turn quickly, thinking it must be he—he is so wholly in your thoughts. But he is far away, planning and executing for you. He has found—

"A curtained, cradled place where you
May lie and dream the dreams of two!"

and, if need be, he will—

"Plunge into the sharp surprise
Of burning battle, blood and cries,
And face the dreadful fire for you,
And fight the deathful fight for two!"

Some time, perhaps, it will be "a curtained, cradled place" for *two*, and he will have another than yourself to fight for—

"In the world's broad field of battle."

The hope of this is such a new and tender one. It flushes your face with the tides of a great, great joy, and you feel that you can never be good enough to deserve so much.

I watch you quietly, closely. I read your eyes, your face, your heart. You have nothing to conceal, save that the sacredness of all is but for *him* to share.

But, *as* I look, a wonder creeps slowly toward me, a wonder how all this is to end, and if the lilies of love will ever die out of your life, root and all!

Oh, pitiful wonder!

I put my hand out to bar its progress, as 'twere some tangible terror, but it glides around or under or through, and sinks into my heart like lead.

You are so young, so fair, so full of faith, and oh, so *very* happy! The dream—if it *be* a dream—is one of such deliciousness, 'twere better to die in it, than ever to awaken.

So we think—but mortals are but mortals, and may not know.

Women *have* awakened from just such dreams as yours—yours, which God grant may be never ending!—and after the first great shock and crash which bore down hope and faith and love, and almost life itself, into one deep sepulchre, whose door, closing upon them, could never be opened any more, have arisen calm and strong and comforting for the world's storm-tossed and desolate.

For themselves, they would say—

"Let the tempest beat and welcome
On my devoted head,
For all of faith has failed me!
I have no more to dread."

And for you?

You have watched, sometimes, a meadow brook flashing its bright face up to the sun, and rippling along in little foamy waves to the river miles below.

How it chattered and sung and danced! And yet how happily, after all, it was mingled with the quiet waters of the stream that sought the sea, and how satisfied it was.

So may it be with the stream of dear delights whose music gladdens now the fair, green meadows of your life.

May its waters not be dried in any heat of passion, nor frozen in any cold of discontent. May it widen and deepen as it stretches on toward the sea of Eternity, and may its melody grow sweeter and sweeter, though less rollicking and light.

It will sound where the rocks are sharp under your feet, and the shadows thick above you, for rocks and shadows are in every life of value, and it will be no easy task to keep your ear and your heart attuned to its quiet melody.

The glamour and the glitter *will* go by, but something better, because more enduring, something stronger, deeper, and more truly tender will come in their stead, if to-day *you love each other*, and all the trials and the tears that you bear and shed together will but the sooner make your two lives surely one.

The socks are mended now, and it is ten o'clock. Your pretty gold thimble is in its Russia-case, the case in the work-box, and all are laid away. The centre-table is in its place again, the hassock, and the rocker, and all in white you kneel and pray for him:

"Christ, keep my darling!" (his name held close,
Lest the angels, listening, learn too much),
"And hold him safe from the wind that blows,
And hold him safe from the Reaper's touch.

"For my sake, Father!" the pleading face
Flushing to crimson, that even in prayer
So much be said, and her hand astray,
Where a breath hides still in her perfumed hair.

"For my sake, Father! whose inmost life
Finds holiest strength in his guiding love:
And lead us each, in thine own sweet time,
To the perfect peace of the saints above."

A delicate flutter of all the snow
That covers her bosom and hideth her feet,
And the lady lieth, with lips aglow,
Where scents of lavender linger sweet.

And sinking there to her happy dreams,
Circled by moonbeams weird and dim,
She whispers softly, "My love will know,
By the peace in his heart, that I prayed for him."

EXPLODED SUPERSTITIONS.

It is a comfort to think that we are wiser than our ancestors. The mortification of knowing what fools they were is amply compensated by the sense of our own superior enlightenment. How long is it since we hung our last witch? It is said that there are obscure country districts where the schoolmaster has not yet penetrated—in which reputed witches may still be found. Are there yet haunted houses in our large cities, gloomy and untenanted? There are still doubtless the remains, here and there, of the current and almost universal beliefs of an age whose departing shadows still linger.

One of the most general, cherished and persistent of English superstitions, was the belief in the supernatural power of their monarchs to cure certain diseases. For centuries few Englishmen, learned or ignorant, doubted that the touch of the hand of his king or queen was a sovereign remedy for the scrofula, which was therefore called the king's evil, it being *the* evil the king had most certain power to cure.

For a period of seven centuries—from Edward the Confessor to Queen Anne—the sovereigns of England were accustomed, at stated seasons and with solemn ceremonies, to heal their subjects of loathsome and otherwise often incurable diseases, by the laying on of hands and prayer; and the most distinguished physicians, far from being incredulous of the existence of this kingly power, were employed in sending proper patients to the sovereign, and in recording the marvellous cures.

The monarchs of France claimed to exercise the same power, and there was once a great contest between the writers of the two countries as to the comparative powers of their respective sovereigns in the cure of disease, as earnest, perhaps, as the controversies of the present day about armies and navies.

The ceremony of touching, as described in Shakspeare, was accompanied by the gift of a small coin of gold, which was worn as a medal by the patient, and during some reigns, when the monarch was popular, or faith active, or scrofula prevalent, these coins amounted to 3000*l.* a year. Henry VII—to give the ceremony a greater solemnity—ordered a form of religious service to accompany it.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been averse to the custom, as either superstitious or disgusting; but she practised it notwithstanding, and with great success. She was, however, more select than had been the practice of former sovereigns, either to save herself trouble or expense to the treasury; for she required that every one who presented himself to be touched should bring a certificate from the court surgeons that the disease was scrofula, and that it was incurable by the ordinary means; and one of her Majesty's surgeons, William Clowes, testifies that "a mighty number of Her Majesty's subjects were daily cured and healed, which otherwise would have most miserably perished."

During the Protectorate of Cromwell—when there was no king to cure it—scrofula appears to have greatly increased, for no English monarch was ever called upon to touch so many as Charles II after the restoration. After all the care of the surgeons to see that none but the really scrofulous, and those beyond their own power to cure, approached him, the numbers were almost incredible. A register was kept at Whitehall; and though one day in a week was appointed and the number limited, it is set down in the record that the Merry Monarch in twenty years touched and prayed over more than 92,000 persons.

We have placed this belief in the power of monarchs to cure a particular disease under the head of exploded superstitions; but it must be confessed that the recorded facts in the case are hard to get over. "Imagination," says Lord Bacon, "is next akin to a miracle—a working faith." The facts, so far as they must be admitted, are usually explained upon this hypothesis; but we submit that a somewhat different one is needed to account for the cure of infants at the breast, who were presented in full proportions of numbers, and were cured as often as adults.

That a "child's caul" will protect its possessor from drowning is a superstition not wholly exploded, since many shipmasters and sailors are furnished with those curious articles, and they are sometimes advertised for sale in the newspapers. But these are only the vestiges of ancient beliefs. The "caul," it should be noted, is supposed to have a double efficacy, or is as good a preservation against conflagrations and shipwrecks.

The precious stones were once believed to have great virtues, either when worn on the person, or taken as a powder internally. Even so famous a medical writer as Avicenna tells us that lapis armenius, and lapis lazuli, taken internally, are sovereign remedies for melancholy. The garnet, either hung about the neck, or taken inwardly, "much assists sorrow, and recreates the heart." The chrysolite induces wisdom, and cures folly. It may have been observed even in our day that pearls and diamonds, properly administered, have cured some bad complaints, when other means have failed.

The old writers, either out of their own imaginations, or in accordance with the popular belief, give us curious accounts of precious stones, for some of which we should look in vain at the shops of our jewelers.

Of the heliotropius they say, "It staunccheth blood, driveth away poisons, and preserveth health; yea, and some write that it provoketh rain, and darkeneth the sunne, suffering not him that beareth it to be abused." "A topaze healeth the lunatike person of his passion of lunacie." "Cornelian mitigateth the heat of the mind, and qualifieth malice. It staunccheth bloody fluxes." "A sapphire preserveth the members, and maketh them livelie, and helpeth agues and gowts, and suffereth not the bearer to be afraid. It hath virtue against venome, and staieth bleeding at the nose, being often put thereto."

These fancies are just now dying out. If stones or metals are now given as medicines, it is because they possess real, rather than mystical properties. Silver, mercury, antimony, and arsenic, are dealt out in prescriptions, and not worn as charms. The foot with which an elk scratches his ear, on being knocked down, would not now be considered a very certain cure for epilepsy. A ring made of silver collected at the communion service, or of three nails or screws of a coffin-lid, or of five sixpences collected of five bachelors, carried by a bachelor to a smith who is a bachelor, would not now, we may hope, in any part be very confidently relied on to cure fits and convulsions. Grose, an author once of no mean repute, assures us that a halter wherewith one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache; but he says, also, that moss, grown on a human skull, powdered and taken as snuff, is no less efficacious. In our enlightened age, though a few persons may be found who believe that the hangman's rope, or his victim's cold hand, will cure diseases, there are many more who have no faith in the halter, even for the cure of moral and social evils.

FOREWARNED.

BY T. P. W.

In my ill-health I have had a dream, or vision; and I mean to tell it. Prelude, there is none required; so I shall begin. I dreamt that my wife and I were sitting alone in the breakfast-room of the wide house we inhabit. Marian had given me my cup of coffee, not in the most gracious of moods; it was hardly her fault, I confess, for I had been hard to please, this particular morning. We went to a party last evening; we went because we were asked—not because we wished to go. Marian thought we ought not to refuse; so I consented, ready to humor her. She does not like to give up the society to which she has been accustomed, and I cannot force her to do so. We went; and we came back in a bad temper. Somehow or other, we have had more differences—I will not say squabbles—of late, than I have ever known before. And yet I cannot accuse Marian of being generally ill-natured, or even passionate. And for myself, there used to be people with whom I could agree perfectly—perhaps there are now, somewhere. It seems that my wife and I don't get on together so well as wife and husband should. What can be the cause?

Alas! there is not much difficulty in assigning a cause. The reason is not far to seek. I am confessing to myself that which I dare not tell my nearest friends. Marian was never meant for me, and I was never meant for Marian. Men do not take advice too often—that is not the way of the world—but I think I took advice on one occasion, the most important of all my life, when I ought to have decided for myself. I was not very rich, and perhaps not very wise; and friends of mine considered that as Marian was both, I could obtain no more suitable wife. They thought that she and I were exactly fitted each for the other. She, rich; I, with a very moderate fortune; I, not very wise; she, certainly not foolish. I suppose both of us knew something of the world; Marian, at any rate, knew quite as much of it as I wished my wife to know.

There was somebody else for whom I had a preference; somebody else, whose merest word filled my heart with joy, whenever I was lucky enough to hear it; whose lightest touch thrilled through my frame. I knew her perfectly well; I recognized each tone of the varying voice. Over that face of hers no expression that was new to me could pass. I knew them all so well that each expression was but as another page of a well-loved, well-remembered book—a book that could not open but I knew the place.

That girl's name was Ethel; and she was the only girl I had ever loved. When her gray eyes—pure, deep, serene—fell upon my own, the light of them entered into my very soul. I thought I would have given my life, with all the years that lay before me; given all my prospects and hopes—such as they were—to know that that girl was mine. For her sake I thought I could have met death willingly. I wanted to have Ethel for my own, and I said so. It was opposed. I spoke more strongly; but the opposition became stronger too. Anxiety did its work. Ill-health came upon me. And in an evil moment—that I curse (inwardly, remember) to this hour—I yielded. Not long afterwards Marian was my wife. I resolved to do by her as well as I could; I should have been a brute to think of doing otherwise. She should have no cause to complain, if I could help it. Henceforth she and I were to live together, each for the other. Henceforth Ethel was nothing to me—nothing!

Was that possible?

I thought it possible then; secure of the victory which mind might gain over heart. There were good reasons—plausible reasons, at least—for my marrying Marian; and as I had made the bargain I would keep it. I had perfect confidence that my wife would do her part. She had always commanded my respect; but my love—that is quite another affair.

But we got along pretty well together, Marian and I. Our life, looked at by itself, was not so very miserable; but compared with the life that might have been mine with Ethel, it was not life at all. Still it went on, and kept its even tenor. The passing days brought with them what are considered pleasures—for me, I hardly found them pleasures at all. The passing days brought with them no acute pain; there was only a dull aching at my heart—a void that nothing was likely to fill. I supposed I had forgotten Ethel.

But I found that I had not; and I found it out on the morning we sat at breakfast together—Marian and I—as I said at the beginning of these words that I am writing.

Marian knew nothing about her; she had scarcely heard her name; and if by chance she should hear it, she knew of no reason for keeping it from me. My wife reads the morning paper daily at breakfast time; and she tells me some of its contents, as I dawdle over my coffee. On the morning I am speaking of she read two or three paragraphs to me. The last she read happened to be the first that caught my attention. It announced the marriage of Miss Ethel Webbe to Captain Charles Cecil.

The sudden mention of her name, and the intelligence that accompanied it, made my heart stop beating at first, and then set it throbbing with a rush of blood to my cheek and brow. My wife looked at me, and afterwards I looked at my wife. She must have read the story in the expression of my face at that moment. I felt that my old love for Ethel was confessed, obvious, undeniable.

But what was there to desire to deny? A man seldom marries the first woman for whom he cares. A man's wife will think no worse for him, when she knows he has had other attachments; but then these attachments should not be lasting. Your wife will scarcely care even to pity your queen dethroned; but if, in your inmost heart, that queen reign still, your wife—in discovering the fact—will waste no love upon her.

So I thought—if I thought at all—as Marian looked at me across the breakfast-table. And I thought also, what a wretched failure this had been, this joining of hands—for Marian and for me—when the hearts could never be joined! Our lives had been different from the beginning; and in reality, if not in appearance, they must be different to the end. True union we might look for, seek after, but in vain.

Where two lives join there is oft a scar.

Where our lives were patched together, the scar was broad and deep: and now and again the old wound was touched, pierced to the ugly core of it, by the stirring of such a memory as had been stirred to-day.

And Ethel. Was she fit for Captain Cecil? Scarcely the sort of woman to suit him, thought I. And was he fit for her? No, indeed; for he could not know her worth, and would never value justly—how could any one?—her fresh young heart, her thoughtful mind, her face composed of flowers. He would never know the worth of her—she, who was as pure of soul as sound of body.

Nevertheless he must have her. The fact remained. For me there was no chance whatever now. I was too late by a year or so of wedded life (and happiness) with Marian. It was too awful a thought to bear in silence. Marian saw that. It was too awful a thought, I say, to bear in silence; and whether I moaned, or shrieked, or——

Whatever I did, I jumped out of bed the moment I was thoroughly awake, and thanked God that that evil dream was not true yet, at all events. And Ethel—she was yet to be won. It was possible to guard against the future; whatever obstacles the future presented might be met and crushed.

I will meet them—that is resolved. They may take long to crush, but they—or, in default of them, my own life—shall be crushed at last. There can be no yielding the point I have striven for of old. It is only to strain the nerves once more; and, baffled, to fight it over again. Ethel, my life's set prize, must be won sooner or later. Until I get her for my own, let me work and strive and dare continually.

THE RACE NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT.

A fox came one day at full speed to a pond to drink.

A frog who was sitting there began to croak at him.

"There," said the fox, "be off with you, or I'll swallow you."

The frog, however, replied:

"Don't give yourself such airs; I am swifter than you."

At this the fox laughed; but as the frog persisted in boasting of his swiftness the fox at length said:

"Now, then, we will both run to the next town, and thus we shall see which can go the faster."

Then the fox turned round, and as he did so, the frog leaped up into his bushy tail. Off went the fox, and when he reached the gate of the city, he turned round again to see if he could espy the frog coming after him. In doing this, the frog hopped off his tail to the ground. The fox, after looking all about without being able to see his competitor in the race, turned round once more to enter the city, when he beheld the little croaker.

"So you have come at last, Master Reynard. I am just going back again, for I verily thought you meant not to come at all!"

Such is the world, and the men in it—a tissue of deception throughout.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

If we could command good gifts from some beneficent fairy, as in the fine old times of magicians and genii, the first on the list would be presence of mind. Without this, indeed, all the others have but half their value, for of what use is a chariot which can be got ready only after you have finished your journey and waded through the mud on foot? or a fire-escape which appears at your windows only when you have been scorched and blackened in the flames? So of what good the wit who lags behind the occasion, and comes in limp and damp when the time of the fireworks has passed and the brightest flash falls dull and dim? or the courage which is only like the blind strength of Samson, eyeless, confused, without the power of discriminating means or the ability to discern opportunities? What we want is the presence of mind to make both wit and courage available on the instant and when wanted; the ready tact, the quick eyesight, the facile word, the prompt act, the use of the faculties which measure obstacles coincident with those which balance powers, so that we may see where the danger lies, and at the same moment where the means of escape are to be found. Without this power of ready use, this presence of mind, no faculty we may possess has either fair play or full value, and for all practical purposes we might as well be without those powers of which we cannot get the good or make full use when required.

One evil result of very careful home training is that children are not suffered to run their little dangers, so never learn how to get out of them when they come. And as presence of mind is, like everything else, a matter of use and education, we cannot wonder if the adult fails because the child has never learned, and that the habit of screaming for help, and standing paralyzed till it comes, survives the years when care was always about and help at hand. For our own parts we advocate the system of "wise neglect," which allows children to run into small childish difficulties, and leaves them to get out of them again without help, rather than that which removes every straw from their path lest they trip over it, covers every smallest bruise with cotton wool, and suffers no free use of their faculties lest that free use should include the wholesome lesson of pain taught by experience, and the unimportant consequences of minor mishaps. We think the cultivation of that faculty, or rather of that ready result of many faculties, called in the concrete presence of mind, worth a little pain and danger to attain.

The most daring men are generally those who come triumphant out of danger, and those who fail and fall are, for the most part, men who as children were overcared for, and so have never learned how to take care of themselves when the hour of peril was on them.

This is presence of mind in its physical application, naturally the most important of all, because dealing with life and limb; but presence of mind in social matters is also of supreme importance in its own way, as dealing with one's self-respect, one's personal comfort, and one's social standing. Watch a person without presence of mind on whom a sudden attack is made, such as even so-called well-bred people permit themselves to make. Brain for brain he is far in advance of his assailant, but he has not the faculty for ready use. He turns red or pale according to his temperament; is angry or distressed according to the state of his nerves and his digestion; makes an impolitic answer, a blundering confession, or is silent altogether, which is the most damaging thing of all. With the smallest infusion of presence of mind he might have routed the adversary with the weapons at his command; but they remained rusty and unused in the armory till the fitting time was past, when his cut and thrust fell on empty air, and the wound in his own personality remained.

A man with presence of mind would save defended himself manfully, and would have given back with interest all that he receives. This kind of ready self-defence is more to the purpose than elaborating exhaustive replies in solitude, and sending them by mail when the whole thing is at an end, and the time for making an effective defence gone forever.

In conversation and the play of wit presence of mind is a necessity, if one would not be worsted and put into the lower place. The most famous anecdotists, the most popular humorists have had this quality in rich abundance. They could cap anecdotes, quotations, histories, strange events, with unfailing quickness and felicity. There might have been in the room some one who knew more than they, but whose resources were unavailable because of the want of that mental readiness which is, in its way, mental vitality. The lesser light burned the brighter because it had the larger openings through which to shine; the larger gave no brilliancy at all, because its envelope was dense and let nothing through. Reading makes a full man, writing an accurate one, speech a ready one, says a great legal sage: and quickness of speech, like presence of mind, comes from practice. No one jumps at once into the position of a smart speaker. He has to fall many times before he learns to run swiftly, and to suffer the consequences of more than one blunder before he hits on the right method of sharp reply, of rendy humor, of answering fun with fun, and keeping up the ball without suffering it to drop for lack of breath. But with practice much may be done; and the faculty called presence of mind is a thing to be learned like any other, those succeeding best who have most natural aptitude, but none being hopelessly incapable.

It is not at all advantageous to be in a great hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have been moved a mile in a minute for a short distance. But locomotives have often been upset by such great rapidity. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post.

Air Castles are old as the world; we believe there is not a man, woman, or child but who has built or is building them. And they will continue to build and be built as long as there is a living person on the earth. The child looks forward to the time when it will have grown up to manhood, or womanhood, and tells what it will do and be when it reaches that period of life.

THE FAIRY SPELL.

BY AUNT MARY.

One dismal rainy day Lily went up to play in the garret. It was a queer old place, full of hiding-corners, and great chests into which she liked to look, and around the walls hung dresses that had belonged to Lily's grandmother and great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother, and so on, until it got into so many "greats," that they would turn your head and mine. And Miss Lily thought it rare sport to put on the droll old gowns and caps, and come trailing down stairs in them, to make everybody laugh.

And on this particular morning she had pulled down an old gray silk that was as stiff as a board, and was getting into it, when she felt something in the pocket—something hard and oddly shaped. So she began to fumble in said pocket, and, deep down in the very bottom of it, which was as far as she could reach—for old ladies used to wear tremendous pockets—she fished up the daintiest pair of little red shoes that you ever saw. They had golden heels, and velvet bows with diamond buckles, and they were lined with white satin, and, what was more, they looked as if they would fit her exactly. So, without stopping to ask how such a pair of shoes chanced to be in her great-great-great-great-great-grandmother's pocket, Lily sat down and put them on.

The very moment that she had done that the shoes walked her down stairs, and out of the door, and over the hill into a great forest that grew near the city. She didn't want to go in the least, for she was terribly frightened; but the shoes went of their own accord, and she couldn't get her feet out of them, and though she cried and screamed at the very top of her voice, nobody seemed either to see her or hear her. In this way she went on, and into the very heart of the forest, that every moment grew thicker and gloomier; and as she went the birds called out to her, "How do you like your new shoes, Miss Lily?" and the brooks gurgled, "I *think they* are a tight fit!"

And the flower-sprites, who are very malicious, for all they look so sweet, and hang their heads so modestly, did nothing but giggle at her forlorn flight. Neither would the shoes stop an instant for all her complaints, but carried her on relentlessly over rocks and through briars and puddles, though her legs ached for very weariness, till she came to a great castle of black marble. It had broad steps, also of marble, leading up to a great door that stood wide open; and up these steps the shoes marched poor Lily, who was now in a greater fright than before.

The great door opened into a hall in which sat an old woman, the very ugliest that ever was seen. Her face was so wrinkled that it looked like a fish-net. She had no hair and no teeth, a nose as sharp and hooked as a parrot's beak, and only one little wicked eye.

She was spinning on an ebony wheel, and she spun the strangest things. Horrible old men, with great mouths full of ugly teeth, and two-headed dogs, and angry bears, and growling wolves, and terrible giants, with their pockets full of children.

And it was very odd, but Lily couldn't help thinking that she had seen some of these before.

"We have brought another child, mistress," said the shoes.

"Good," answered the old woman. "The first year that has three hundred and sixty-six days in it, you shall have a holiday. Now, little girl, do you know who I am?"

"No, ma'am," answered Lily.

"Well," said the old woman, "I am the witch that hates little children. Do you see what I am spinning here? Bad dreams; and when the dream-man comes along with his bag full of pleasant dreams from Fairyland, I slip these in, and he is blind and doesn't know it. I put stones in little children's way, and trip them up and bump their noses. I give them the earache and the toothache, and I send out my little red shoes every day, and they bring me in a dozen or more little girls and boys like you, and keep them shut up in my castle, and mind, you will never get out, one of you, till you can find out the spell which will tumble down the castle wall. There now, I am sick of the very sight of her, with her yellow hair. She thinks she is pretty, no doubt. Take her away to the prison."

At that, the shoes marched Lily off to another great room full of little children.

Oh, so many children, brown-haired, and yellow-haired, and black-haired boys and girls, all ages and sizes, who, as soon as they saw Lily, began to cry, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! you will never get out. We have all been trying to find out the spell, and we can't, not one of us; and you will get nothing but bread and water and whipping every day, and then see here what we have to do!"

And they all began to show her. One had to make pin-cushions, out of which the bran spilled as fast as she could put it in, and one had to draw water out of an empty well, and one to learn a lesson out of a book in which all the letters danced about, and one to hem a piece of lace with a crowbar, and one to make shoes out of sand, and so on to the end of the chapter. As for Lily, she was to teach a cat to sing the gamut.

"Now, pussy, this way," poor Lily would cry. "Do, re mi, fa," but pussy, of course, could say nothing but "Mew." And each day Lily got, like the rest, only a little bread and water, and a tremendous flogging from a pair of birch rods that used to come every afternoon walking in of themselves, and whip all the children.

At the end of the week, "I am tired of this sort of thing," said Lily, "and I mean to run away."

And leaving pussy to say "Mew" by herself, she marched boldly out of the room. But when she came to the staircase the stairs all ran away, and there was a great empty place down which she didn't dare so much as to look; and all she got was an extra whipping, and no bread and water, while the children said:

"We told you so. We have all tried it. You will never get out unless you find out the spell."

"I don't care," said Lily, "I will get out, and I won't stay here shut in this hateful prison."

So she tried to get out of the window, but the window shut down on her fingers, and she had two extra whippings.

"This child must be looked after," said the witch. "Give her something hard to do."

So they set her at bringing water from a spring at the top of three hundred steps, in a pitcher of which the bottom was a sieve that had let out every drop of the water by the time that she had reached the bottom again.

"There now," said all the children, "didn't we tell you? See what you made by trying to get away."

One day the witch expected company to dinner—the snow goblins, and one or two brook goblins; and all day long she was dressing herself—for the ugly old woman wished to be beautiful, and that was the reason that she hated little children, whose sweet, fresh faces made her own frightful face, she thought, look worse by contrast. So she was painted red and white all over her wrinkles, and a great false eyebrow over her one eye, and a wig of long, light-yellow curls on her bald pate. She had a velvet gown trimmed with fur, and a long lace veil and pearls on her horrible skinny neck and arms, and a great crown over the wig and veil; and the red shoes, that could stretch to any size. When she was all dressed she came into the prison and said:

"Now, you little brats, look at me. Am I not beautiful now?"

"Yes," said all the children but Lily, who called out, "No, you are ugly!"

"Hush!" said the children—for the witch didn't hear her—"you musn't say that."

"What do *you* think?" asked the witch of Lily, against whom she had a special spite, because Lily was pretty. "Did you ever see anything so lovely before, Miss Simperingface?"

"I think you look like a ridiculous old fright!" answered Lily, who always spoke the truth, come what would.

At that the witch gave a great scream and vanished, and all the castle walls tumbled down, and all the children were free, and went home rejoicing; for Truth was the spell that the children could not find out. Every one was afraid of the witch, and she had never heard a word of truth before in her life.

And, children, there are many things in this life *quite as* terrible as this old *witch*, that will run away if you only speak the truth boldly to them, or about them, as Lily did.

Honor thy Parents.

As a stranger went into the churchyard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly-made grave. A boy, about ten years of age, was busily engaged in placing turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching, with thoughtful look, the movements of the other two. The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir; father lies here, too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then, why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started in his eyes:

"Oh, we love them, sir."

"Then you put these turfs and wild flowers where your parents lie, because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition as children honoring their deceased parents! Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness, and honor their memory, by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on plans of usefulness.

THE ALARM CLOCK.

A lady who found it difficult to awake so early as she desired in the morning, purchased an alarm clock. This kind of clock is so contrived as to strike with a very loud, whizzing noise, at any time the owner pleases. The lady placed the clock near the head of the bed, and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually aroused by the loud, rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt the better all day for her early rising.

This continued for several weeks. The alarm clock faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard, so long as it was promptly obeyed. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising, and, when awakened by the noisy monitor, merely turned herself, and slept again.

In a few days the clock ceased to arouse her from her slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had acquired the habit of disobeying it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm clock, she formed the wise resolution that if she ever heard the sound again she would jump up instantly, and she would never allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its dictates, even to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice clear and strong. But if we allow ourselves to do what we fear is not quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to awaken us.

THAT'S HOW.—After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man, passing along.

"By keeping *at it*," said the boy, cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is, but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

THE LAST THAW

BY M. G. WATKINS.

Farewell to winter's faint blue skies
Curtained with fainter gray;
Snowflakes, a long farewell! No chill
Must fright coy Spring away;
April's soft airs I breathe; frost's reign
Ended with yesterday.

So sweetly smiles this clear-eyed morn,
First child of tender Spring,
That with the skylark I would rise
From earth on joyous wing,
Shake off past troubles, future joys
Anticipating sing!

Glad as the swelling shoots, my soul
Would fain fresh budding greet,
Rich guerdon of the coming year
In yon shy-peeping wheat.
Forestall the ages when stern Fact
Shall hopeful Fancy meet.

Surely if ever hearts should ope
Which other days might steel,
When men once more see sapphire skies
And rustling zephyrs feel,
Should thaw like dormant creatures and
At last break slumber's seal.

Oh what a Spring were that! Once more
Should men their longings hold!
Find El Dorados in their homes,
Virtues worth more than gold!
Once more would blossom Paradise
Around us as of old!

Empires should cease their mutual fears,
Unite fair Peace to throne,
And teach their subjects Freedom's charms
How most to make their own.
How Justice, Truth, and Wisdom guard
A land of Love full-blown.

Then Malice and Distrust would melt,
As dies out Winter's snow;
Hearts soften, Pity's streams run swift
As freed ice-channels flow;
This the best thaw, rich type of all
Awakening souls will know.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Weptonomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE GUIDE IN A NEW ROLE.

Appearances deceive,
And this one maxim is a standing rule:
Men are not what they seem.
—*Wm. Howard.*

The day that had witnessed Cougar Dick's success and the meeting of father and son was drawing to a close. The setting sun cast long beams of golden light through the forest, and the birds sang their melodious vespers. But the melodies ceased rather abruptly, and the feathered worshipers fled into the brakes, for a peal of thunder, the harbinger of a summer storm, shook their perches. The sky, lately so blue, became flecked with clouds from the north, and the sun at length was hidden from human sight by the vapory travelers.

"A storm," murmured Kate Seymour, looking from the door of her home, and beholding the changed aspect of the heavens. "I wonder if he will come to-night? Can I confront him, and say that I have discovered the secret he has guarded so long? Can I say that I opened the French chest and read the papers he brought from the English shore—the documents written by Contrecour to—— Oh, I cannot speak the name! I will not believe it! The chief must have placed them in his hands, for safe keeping. No! no! he cannot be the person the papers declare him. I have been his child too long to credit this. But I do know that he is not Daniel Seymour—that my true name is Mortyn, Catherine Mortyn?"

With the question on her lips the girl turned into the cabin, shutting the door after her.

We left her at the conclusion of Chapter XIII in the loft of her home, examining the documents which the opening of the little box or chest had revealed to her. The first paper had startled her, and for a long time she refused to look at the others.

The words that greeted her eyes were enough to drive the color from her face, and to draw from her white lips the startling ejaculations we have heard.

What those words were, let the future chapters of our romance disclose.

She dropped the parchment, freighted with astonishment, and picked up another. The cord that bound it broke when it touched her hands, and then and there she read the story told in our prologue.

She read the oath of Lewellyn Mortyn, the fierce oath which he had flung into Sir Martel Kensett's face that night of elemental strife, and her heart almost ceased to throb.

Then she knew why her father hated the Kensett name; his desire to know the hiding-place of the fugitive from battle was now explained, for she knew him as Lewellyn Mortyn, not as Daniel Seymour.

She read until a fear that the renegade would suddenly return took possession of her heart; then she replaced the papers, shut the chest, and crept from the garret.

With brush she covered the stiffened body of Silver Serpent, and returned to the cabin to wait for her father.

She felt that he was on the soldier's trail, and knew that he would not rest his feet until the terrible oath, uttered across the surging sea, had been fulfilled in the trailful forests of the New World.

The day neared its close, and he still remained away.

She saw the clouds obscure the crimson disc of the declining sun, and the gathering of the storm.

After closing the door, as mentioned above, she sought the simple larder, from which she took some plain food and prepared a backwoods meal.

"He may come while I eat," she said. "I want to see him, and yet I fear to tell him what I know. He may become incensed, and reward my curiosity with a blow. But I must——"

She paused abruptly, for the door opened and the figure of a giant Indian stood on the threshold. She saw him in the dim light, and started from the table with a light cry of surprise.

With a grunt of salutation the intruder came forward, and coolly picked a piece of venison from the pewter plate.

"If you are hungry you shall share my meal," the girl said, suddenly taking courage and returning to the table.

She had been accustomed to savages for years, and everywhere it was known that she was the child of Red Dan, their formidable ally. Therefore, she had nothing to fear from the red race, and it was the unannounced appearance of the present visitor, not his skin, that frightened her.

"Dog Face want a little meat," the savage said, in good French, which many Indians about Du Quesne spoke with good accent. "He hungry. Where White Chief?"

"I do not know," replied the girl, watching the red man narrowly.

To this he did not reply; but stood over the table, helping himself to the venison.

He was clad in buckskin from neck to moccasins—a habit not uncommonly worn by the Indians of Pennsylvania—and beside his rifle, he carried knife and tomahawk.

He wore a headdress that consisted of hawk feathers, not one of which remained unbroken, and Kate Seymour could not repress a faint smile when she noted its sorry aspect.

She did not speak while the visitor ate, and when he had cleared the plate, he looked up and smiling said:

"Good meat. White girl cook well."

Then he stepped towards her, and said in a voice quite unlike the one in which he had breathed the compliment:

"Kate Seymour, don't you know me?"

With a strange cry the renegade's daughter started back, while the man watched her with a broad smile.

"Come here," he said. "I am Chris. Gist, and I make a pretty good Indian, don't you think I do? I can't stay here long because I've got to go to Logstown."

"It is full of Indians," she said, with fear.

"No, Kate. Everybody and his wives are at the fort. Contrecour is making his friends drunk over the victory. Logstown, I know, is pretty well deserted now. Your father is in the fort, for I saw him there this afternoon."

"Have you been there?"

"I have just left it. I was Dog Face then, I'm Chris. Gist, painted a little, just now. I talked with Contrecour himself, and he didn't know me. Wouldn't he like to hang me?" and the guide smiled.

"But *how* did you leave the soldier, Captain Kensett?" asked the girl; and a crimson flush mounted to her temples.

"I left him well, but uncomfortable. He was with Cougar Dick."

"With Cougar Dick? No! no!" cried the girl.

"He was with Dick!" said the disguised borderman with firmness; "and he is in Logstown now."

Catharine Seymour did not speak. Her face was pale as ashes, and she trembled with fear before the giant.

"How came Cougar Dick to get him?" she asked at last.

"I can't tell you now, Kate, for I must go to Logstown. I am going to get him away before the spree at the fort is over. I heard your father invite M. Contrecour to witness his revenge, which takes place in the old town to-morrow. It seems that both are in his hands."

"Father and son?"

"Yes: but they must escape to-night."

"I will assist you," cried Kate. "I am going to Logstown."

"You are going to stay right where you are now," said Gist, with resolution. "*I* can do it. Havn't I told you that the town is almost deserted? I can do it, and without help, I say; and that before three hours I will return this way. Kate Seymour, the way of escape is open now. I know the forest trails, and I can guide all of you to Fort Cumberland."

"All of whom?" asked the girl in wonderment.

"No, I cannot tell you," said Gist. "Kate, if you knew what I do, you wouldn't stay here longer; but you will know it soon."

"I know it now, Christopher Gist," she said quickly. "How well he has kept the secret you know if you have discovered the truth."

"I know it," said the guide, moving towards the door. "Stir not from this house. I will save the English. He will not come before the morrow; the revel at the fort will keep him there."

"I will obey you. Save him, Christopher Gist, and command the lasting gratitude of Catharine—" she paused a moment and then said: "Catharine Seymour."

The Virginian pressed the hand she had extended, and the next moment passed from the house.

"They are doomed to die to-morrow," she groaned. "But shall they die? No! If the guide fails, I will baffle *him*, if needs be, with the bullet. Llewellyn Mortyn shall not fulfill his oath!"

Ah! she did not know what strange and startling events were to take place in her own home before dawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUARREL.

'Tis, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.
—*Beaumont.*

Lieutenant Lecour Dumas returned to the fort after his fight with Silver Serpent before the renegade's cabin.

He returned with the intention of flinging himself upon Greville Kensett's trail. He had promised Daniel Seymour that he would hunt diligently for the hidden soldier, and that he would put the Serpent on his track. The latter part of his promise he had redeemed, but the trailer had turned upon his employer by whose pistol he had fallen.

Between Red Dan and the Serpent bitter enmity had long existed, and the renegade well knew that the Indian would not favor him in the slightest particular. He knew the cunning of the red man whose services he sought, and those services he had tried to gain through the French lieutenant.

Silver Serpent was avaricious. Gold could buy his heart, and mind, and gold bought him to trail Greville Kensett, ostensibly for Dumas.

The reader has followed the Serpent from the Frenchman's quarters to his death. He will recollect that the savage surprised his employer with Kate Seymour—as we will still call our heroine—and that he boldly charged him with hypocrisy, saying that he (Silver Serpent) was trailing the Englishman for his old enemy, the renegade.

This charge and the second accusation which the Indian was not permitted to finish, sealed his doom, and Dumas was rethrown upon his own resources.

When he reached the fort he was met by M. Contrecour, the commandant, who informed him that his presence could not be dispensed with until after the French and Indian victory.

Chagrined, the lieutenant submitted with the best grace he could summon, and retired to his quarters.

Already many Indians and traders had passed into the Fort, and the parade ground swarmed with humanity. M. Contrecour had resolved to reward the savage allies of France for their invaluable aid in what he termed "the everlasting overthrow of British arrogance in America." A heap of spoils from the battlefield had been removed to the fort. There were many beautiful scarlet uniforms, and swords and sashes innumerable. The camp chests of the officers of the line of the ill-fated army had been emptied of their contents, and the presence of numerous casks of rum proclaimed a drunken revel. Already the victory had been celebrated in Logstown: but M. Contrecour had waited until he could call every hater of Great Britain within his fortifications.

To M. Dumas the division of the richest spoils had been entrusted, and he worked like a hero until the gray shades of evening came. During the afternoon but little rum had been drank; the commandant was withholding it for a bacchanalian revel during the night.

The lieutenant was alone in the great room that contained the spoils of battle, when the most prominent character of our romance reached the fort.

Cougar Dick suddenly confronted the commandant on the square, and took his hand with warmth. He was followed by five of his band, who dispersed after reaching the parade ground, and sought sights and scenes where they listed.

The sun was several hours from his setting when the thunderbolt of the forest encountered the French officer. He had left his young captive narrating his adventures to his father, and had come to the fort for the purpose of taking part in the carousal.

That day there was triumph in his black eye, and he exchanged congratulations with M. Contrecour and smiled.

The twain conversed awhile, when Cougar Dick walked away. He appeared to be looking for some particular person, for his eyes wandered through the mixed crowd that made the air heavy with curses, songs, and the occasional war-hoop.

He did not see the giant figure that followed him for some time, and then glided away into the forest.

That person was the disguised scout, who had heard much of the talk between Cougar Dick and the commandant.

Many times the Indian passed through the revellers, growing more hilarious as the sun declined. Undoubtedly he was looking for some person who had escaped his vision—some person whom he thought was in the fort.

At last he reached the vicinity of the spoil room—if I may so designate the apartment that held the shining and bloody regalia of battle—and paused. A noise had fallen upon his ears—a noise which he proceeded to investigate.

The entrance to the long room was not unknown to him, for he found it without difficulty.

Without ceremony he opened the door and entered.

At first he could see no person, for the several tin lamps that afforded light illy did their duty; but at length he perceived a man standing twenty feet away. But few of the spoils remained. The scarlet coats had been distributed among the Indians, and the arms of the vanquished, save the common fusees, were in the French armory.

The tenant of the room stood beside a small brass cannon, and tried to discern the features of his red intruder.

At sight of him Cougar Dick started forward, and soon stood face to face with Lecour Dumas.

For a moment the two men stared into each other's face without a word, and the Gaul's hand dropped to his side with significance.

There was a storm in the Shawnee's eyes, and the soldier saw that he faced a man who had suddenly become his enemy.

"Tenarisscho has been looking for the king's man," said Dick, breaking the ill-omened silence. "He has found him at last, and"—with a hasty glance about the room—"alone!"

"Yes, I am here," replied M. Dumas. "What is it you want with me? I was about to go out and drink to the confusion of the enemies of France."

"The king's man shall not go until he has spoken the truth to Tenarisscho," answered the Indian, who seldom called himself by the cognomen given him by his dusky people. "The soldier has listened to the love-words of Leono, Tenarisscho's child, and he has kissed her until she thinks him one of the Manitou's braves. Tenarisscho has sought her everywhere, for he has not seen her for two sunsets. Where is she now?"

The pale light could not reveal the deathly pallor of the lieutenant's face. He tried to speak, with the black eyes of his confronter upon him, but failed.

"Where is Leono?" cried Cougar Dick.

And, before M. Dumas could retreat, the red hand fell heavily upon his shoulder.

"How should I know?" he managed to stammer. "I have not seen her for several days."

"Liar! The white man lies!"

"Unhand me, sir!" cried M. Dumas, trying to release himself, "and I'll make you eat the words you have dared to fling at a soldier of the mighty Louis!"

The Indian laughed derisively, and kept his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder, the bones of which his grip seemed to be breaking.

"Unhand me!" cried the soldier.

But the fingers did not relax.

"Not until Tenarisscho knows where his child is," was the reply.

"Haven't I told you once that I do not know?" cried M. Dumas. "Isn't the word of a French soldier worth credence by a savage? Tenarisscho, why should we fall out? We have been friends, and to-night French and Indian drink from the same cask to the confusion of their mutual foe. The girl—Leono—will turn up all right yet."

"Liar! I say," yelled the infuriated chief.

And he shook the helpless man till his eyes stood out like balls from the mouths of overcharged cannon.

M. Dumas struggled to free himself, but with no avail.

He believed that his last hour had come, and his nether limbs were refusing him support, when he saw a man leap from the shadow of the beams, and grip the Indian's arm.

"Back!" cried the rescuer to the Shawnee, who doggedly released his victim. "Cougar Dick, is this the way to celebrate our glorious victory? If you have a grudge against Lieutenant Dumas, withhold it until our *fete* has ended."

The Indian, who had stepped back during the commandant's speech, now turned on his heel, and strode towards the door.

"Where is the scarlet dog?" cried M. Dumas, recovering. "Your pistols, commandant! I'll return his rudeness with a bullet in the back."

"No, no!" said M. Contrecour, gently, and in a tone that carried argument with it. "It would not do. His people fill the fort. Listen!"

The chief, who had paused at the door, was speaking.

"To-morrow night Tenarisscho will come for the truth," said the savage. "He will have it then on the ears of the scarlet dog."

Then the door closed, and the giant was gone.

A moment later M. Contrecour and M. Dumas also departed, and, while the latter examined his painful shoulders in his own quarters, he grated, revengefully:

"The world is too small for both of us, Richard le Cougar. I will not be safe till you are dead, and before to-morrow night, if I get an opportunity, I'll put you out of my way."

That self-same night the opportunity came.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A KNIFE IN THE SIDE.

In this
You satisfy your anger and revenge.
—*Massinger.*

When the choleric Frenchman left his quarters and sought the revellers on the parade ground, he avoided the man with whom he had lately quarreled.

"I dare not strike him here," he muttered. "Such a course would displease the commandant, and perhaps alienate the Indians from our cause. But if I am to keep my hands off him, I must keep him out of my sight. Now I feel like rushing upon the scarlet dog, and transfixing him with my sword. But I forbear, for the sake of *le commandante*. He shall not demand his daughter of me to-morrow night, if I can meet him secretly before that darkness."

The lieutenant retired to the companionship of the commandant, and with him watched the wassail of bloody victory.

With the setting of the sun a storm burst over the ramparts, but did not put an end to the revel. It was a summer thunderstorm, and scarce rain enough to drench the forest leaves came down. The clouds blackened the heavens for several hours, and the winds toyed wantonly with the lily flag of France.

During the descent of the rain, M. Dumas and his commander were closeted in the latter's luxurious quarters. The faces of both were flushed, and the wine bottles on the table before them accounted for the color of cheek and the gleam of eye.

"I am going to see *mon amie* Kate," said the lieutenant, rising, as he pushed an empty goblet from him. "No doubt she is alone, and will listen to the adoration of Lecour Dumas."

"Wait until the day, lieutenant," said M. Contrecour.

"No! we go down to Logstown, then, to witness Seymour's revenge, and after the death of her English lover, she will be in no humor to talk with me."

"Very true," said the commandant, thoughtfully. "I wish the renegade's enemies would escape to-night!"

M. Dumas shot the speaker a stare of astonishment.

"He will disgrace France with his punishment of them. His wrongs are private, and if he takes revenge with my connivance the cause I serve will be tarnished. Yet I dare not claim the prisoners, who are Englishmen of noble blood, I know this Seymour. If I accept his invitation I will go to Logstown well disguised. The English shall not know that M. Contrecour, of the King's service, saw their titled gentlemen—good soldiers—tortured to death. I say again, lieutenant, that I wish they would escape to-night. By the sword of Joan d'Arc! he should not have a French soldier in the pursuit!"

The commandant was a man who possessed many good qualities, and was proud of what he called his honor. A man of noble ancestry himself, he respected nobility, and spoke the true wishes of his heart in his conversation with M. Dumas.

The lieutenant did not reply to his superior's words; he saw in the person of Greville Kensett a dangerous rival, and hoped that Daniel Seymour's revenge might not be balked. With Kensett and Cougar Dick out of his path, he saw no opposition to the winning of Kate, and the commandant rightly interpreted his silence.

"If you go to your love to-night, it should not be alone," he said.

"Must a soldier be guarded when he goes to worship at the shrine of the wanton boy-god?" cried Dumas, with a smile. "Cupid does not wield the assassin's knife, commandant. I will go, and alone, to worship my goddess, while you keep our guests hilarious. I know the path. I have trodden it before."

"Then go, lieutenant, and may our dear Kate smile on the soldier of fair Gaul."

M. Dumas left the fort, as he thought, unperceived, and walked briskly toward the renegade's cabin.

The storm clouds had disappeared in the southern sky, and the rising moon was dimming, as it were, the light of the golden stars.

Fainter and fainter grew the sound of revel in old Du Quesne, though an occasional war whoop from the throat of some drunken warrior, sounded distinctly and recalled the battle.

"Let them drink," murmured the lieutenant. "Some men would sooner drink than make love. Their choice shows their mind. The wine I worship I will put aside at any time to kiss the lips of beauty, and to bow the knee to Cupid. Ah! *ma chere* Kate, after to-morrow no man steps between your life and mine."

When he reached the edge of the little clearing before the renegade's home, he saw a light in the window, and then the shadow of a female.

"She is at home?" he exclaimed, with joy, and was about to advance again for he had paused, when a startling sound fell upon his ears.

Was it a step?

Turning towards the fort and standing shadow of a tree, the soldier listened.

His ears had not deceived him, for he heard a step down the path he had just traversed, and presently a human figure came in sight.

What caused the Frenchman's eyes to flash with triumph, and his knife to leap from its sheath?

The approaching person was Cougar Dick!

"Has the dog followed me?" ejaculated M. Dumas, keeping his eyes fastened on the savage. "If he has here ends his trail."

Stepping nearer the tree, and deeper into the shadow, the lieutenant waited for his enemy, who came on seemingly unconscious of the dangerous knife.

Once the watcher glanced at the cabin standing in the moonlight, and saw its solitary inmate at the window.

He did not know that she was waiting for Christopher Gist and her English lover.

On came Richard le Cougar, through moonlight and shadow, and when he reached the ambush there was the glitter of a blade of steel.

An abrupt halt and a groan—the knife was in the chief's side!

For a second he stood erect, then he started off like a deer across the clearing toward the cabin!

M. Dumas sprang to his feet, with an ejaculation of astonishment, and bounded after the man he had struck.

"I'll finish my work!" he hissed, as he ran. "There's no stopping now!"

But the wounded chief reached the door before the Gaul could repeat the blow, and he saw him dash it open and stagger into the cabin.

Then there was a woman's cry—a cry of horror—and when M. Dumas sprang into the lighted room, he saw Kate trying to raise the chief who had fallen to the floor.

She started up when she saw him, and her eyes fell upon the gory knife.

"It is your work!" she cried. "I know you struck him in the dark."

"'Twas in fair fight," grated the soldier. "The dog threatened to take my life."

"Dog? Lecoûr Dumas, *he is my father!*"

"Kate, you must be mad!"

"Not so mad as you. I speak the truth before my God. Cougar Dick and the man you have known as Daniel Seymour, are identical."

Then the Frenchman, like a man suddenly realizing some terrible calamity, started back with pallid face, and the knife dropped from his hands.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "I might have known it long ago."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

The family Farnese had built a splendid and costly villa on the bank of the Tiber, and Cardinal Farnese, on succeeding to its possession, requested Raphael to undertake the fresco-painting on the walls of the *salons*. The great artist for a long time refused the task, but his Eminence having won the intercession of the *Fornarina*, Raphael consented, and promised to employ all his talents in the work, under the conditions, however, that none should be allowed to look at it before its completion.

It is well known that the rivalry existing between the two artists had at last degenerated into actual jealousy, and that there were at that time not a few among the connoisseurs at Rome who preferred the grace and beauty of Raphael's paintings to the powerful productions of the gigantic genius of his rival. Michel Angelo was aware of the fact, and his excitable and haughty temper often betrayed him into malicious tricks against Raphael.

When the villa paintings were in course of rapid progress, nothing else was then talked of at Rome. Some spoke with enthusiasm of the "Banquet of the Gods and the Union of Psyche;" others were inexhaustible in praise of the beautiful "Galatea;" while each and all expressed a desire and curiosity to know what Michael Angelo would say of them.

All these rumors and praises of a work that nobody had as yet seen, and few only knew by name, having reached the ears of the jealous Angelo, he swore by Dante's "Inferno" to use all the means in his power, fair and foul, to obtain a glimpse of the work in the villa, and to injure it beyond redemption.

At that period Raphael was so enamored of his *Fornarina* that he spent whole days in her company, and never dreamt of taking up his professional brush, while he hardly ever made his appearance at the villa before noon-time.

One morning Michael Angelo rose early, disguised himself as an *acqua ciaro* (spirit-hawker), took a basket filled with biscuits and *liqueurs* to the villa, where his cry, "Liqueurs! liqueurs!" soon brought down from the ladders within all the masons and laborers who were still employed in the interior of the structure. They opened the front door, and invited the seller to bring in his wares.

Leaving his basket in their hands, Angelo made his way to the *salons*, and, passing from room to room, he took a rapid survey of the various paintings, but remained fixed with admiration before the yet unfinished "Galatea." Observing an empty spot in the centre of the picture, he took up a piece of charcoal, mounted the scaffold, and drew in the vacant space a colossal head of Jupiter. He then left the villa by one of the side doors, forgetting his basket and wares in the fulness of his mischievous joy.

At noon Raphael appeared, and no sooner had he caught sight of the magnificent head of Jupiter in the centre of his "Galatea," than he exclaimed, "Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo!" and left the villa, never to re-enter it. The work remained unfinished by him, and the mischievous head is still preserved under a glass, and excites the admiration of artists and connoisseurs.

SALT SUPERSTITIONS.

The superstitious observances with regard to salt are numerous, some of which prevail, at the present day, even among ourselves. Formerly no person would engage in any undertaking, or remove from one house to another, without previously putting salt in his pockets. The very mendicant in the streets was independent enough to refuse charity if it were not courteously prefaced by an offering of salt. In certain parishes of Scotland the farmers were accustomed to place salt in the first milk a cow had after calving, when proffered to anybody to drink, in order to prevent "skaith" (harm), should the individual happen not be to "canny." In Ireland it was customary for women and girls to sprinkle salt, mixed with flour, upon all persons when appointed to public offices; and, before seed was sown in the ground, the mistress of the household invariably scattered salt over it. The practice of laying a plate of salt on a dead body widely prevailed in the United Kingdom, and, indeed, is not yet extinct.

BEAUTIFUL, very beautiful, can time, with goodness, make an old man look.

VIOLETS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Violets "that come before the swallow dares,
And take the wind of March with beauty,"
Hail!
It is your purple garland your Spring wears.
When through the sunshine he trips down the dale.
Snow-drifts and storm greet your fair flowers but roughly,
For they're not brawny-backed, nor have camp boughs,
Like the great oaks, and bear them up so toughly.
Violets as fair as "Cytherea's eyes,"
And fragrant as her breath; where now do house
The winds that wildly wail your parting?
Ooms.
All gentle spirits, fair divinities,
Guard these sweet cheerers of our village home;
For they escaped from Eden, and were sent
To mitigate our life-long punishment.

MISS SIMMS.

BY J. A.

The little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that besemed my age. I had nursed Lottie, she had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lottie sick with surreptitious candies; I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind by means of highly-colored pictures, in a painful state of alliteration; I had begged Lottie out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lottie was mistress over me, and she knew it.

In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and knew that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

This, then, was the state of the case. I, who had overlived all my youthful heart-weaknesses, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were, after all, such incompatible ages.

Miss Lottie had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favorite poets.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely, I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidant with regard to Lottie. She was the very person for a confidant. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lottie was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for me to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lottie. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lottie, to whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow-counsellor of Lottie's parents—this aunt was just the confidant I wanted.

In breaking the matter to Lottie's aunt, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lottie. Lottie and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lottie said:

"You *will* finish my music?" And she made the prettiest beseeching *moue*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. "We shall soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You *must* stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back."

Yes, Miss Lottie, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying, I made a crotchet—"Miss Simms," I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then three blank bars.

"Miss Simms," I said, "I hope you will not see anything absurd in what I am about to—to—to lay before you——" *crescendo*, written in neat italics.

"My heart——"

"Dear me!" cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my *dear* Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture." (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) "It may be soft, I say, but, upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl" (*con molto spirito*) "and have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them."

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely straight, but I completed a most prodigious series of running notes *ad libitum* before I recommenced. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity——"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—and I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that part of the subject," Miss Simms interrupted me. "You lay too much stress on this point, and must be laboring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less. It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of ideas, the congeniality of sentiments—"

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms——"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me half-way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lottie's aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time," I went on. "In your eyes, in your smiles, I have read that you had discovered my secret. Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle nature—who can disguise such secrets from these? And now, be frank with me. I come to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. My tongue is timid. Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinctive feeling of what is right prompts those words. I anticipated this. But, my dear Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a conspirator with me. There shall be no secrets. I ask you to confess none to me. All I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me whether there is any chance for me. You are everybody's friend—do not deprive me alone of your help."

"Really, I do not know what to say," Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly agitated.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You *had* discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago, did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "And there is hope for me?"

"What can I say? Do not press me."

"I intreat you. Say, at least, there is not despair."

"No, do not despair," she said. "I do not wish that."

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

"You will speak to my brother," she said, covering her face with her hand.

"Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?"

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of the hand that covered her face.

"Yes," she said. "I *think* you may." I deliberated.

"My dear Miss Simms," I said, "I can never sufficiently repay the kindness, the sympathy—the great sympathy—you have shown to me to-day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy——"

"*Sir!*" cried Miss Simms.

"Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favor of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings to Lottie?"

"I see no occasion for that. Why to Lottie?"

"Well, I respect your prudence. No doubt you are right. To your brother, then?"

"Had not *you* better do that? It is so very awkward."

"My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this. I shall be eternally obliged to you."

Miss Simms gave me her angular white hand. She looked up into my face with an expression of most intense sympathy.

"I will do anything you tell me, *Henry*," she said; "may I call you Henry?"

"I consider it a most tender mark of your sympathy," I replied. I really thought her calling me by my Christian name, which she had never done before, a touching proof of her kind friendship.

"And now," I said, "I had better go. I am not inclined to see any one in the present state of my feelings. When I next see you, Miss Simms, I hope to be received in this house on another—a closer and more intimate footing. I think we fully understand each other?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Adieu! God bless you!"

* * * * *

I left the house with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction. The first move had been made, and made, I could not but flatter myself, with consummate address, and with a success equal to my highest hopes. This good, kind aunt of Lottie's, I was deeply grateful to her, and determined that I would make her a handsome present on my wedding.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from Lottie's papa.

"I *can* have no objection, if you have none," he wrote. "I consent gladly to receive your visits at my house on the footing you desire. Come and dine with us at six, and we will talk it over."

I confess I was slightly nervous as I knocked at the Simmses' door. There was a smile on the servant's face and an alacrity in her manner as she let me in. I saw that she knew all about it.

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.

"How can I thank you?" I said, grasping her hand with the warmth of friendship.

"Oh, Henry!" Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What a good heart this woman had to be so moved by the happiness of others. She clung to my hand, to my arm, to my shoulder, for support. She raised her eyes to mine, her face to mine, her lips—I thought for a moment the good creature was going to kiss me.

"And how is—is—is *she*?" I said. "She is not unfavorable, I hope, towards my suit?"

"*She* is only too much blessed!" Miss Simms replied, with a smile, in which archness blended with sympathy. "Can you doubt it for a moment?"

At last I managed to reach the parlor door. Miss Simms would have me enter without her, for what reason I could not understand, but she professed to be too bashful, and said:

"It would look so odd for us to enter together."

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot be expected that I should now relate accurately all that was said to me, and all that I said in return, when at the time itself I had no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks and gratitude to Lottie's papa, and he said something about congratulating me in return, and then by mutual consent we suffered the conversation to turn on indifferent subjects. Lottie's mamma helped me out of the difficulties of conversation as only a woman's fluent tongue can.

Lottie was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered, and afterwards, Lottie.

The expression of Lottie's face surprised me, and her manner still more. There was angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire in her eyes, an obstinate firmness about her red lips, very different from the signs I had expected to read upon that fair face. When I shook hands with her, she just gave me the tips of her fingers for the fraction of a moment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

"I hope, Lottie," I whispered, "that you have no objection to receive me in the new character which I take upon me here for the first time?"

"*Me?*" Lottie said. "Why, on earth, should *I* have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm sure."

Lottie carried her little nose high in the air, she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as if she were going to cry. Her manner was most perplexing. Who can interpret the signs of a woman's face, or predicate the way in which she will act under any given circumstances?

"Henry," said a mild, purring, sugary voice; "Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your pardon."

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She motioned to me to take the chair beside her. I sat down. Lottie remained at the window. Her papa and mamma entered into private and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking for Lottie, Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream, that clinging, angular hand was a special nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-time was changed. From the time when Lottie used to appear at dessert time in a clean white frock and blue sash, her place had always been by me. Now, I and Miss Simms were placed together on one side of the table, and Lottie alone on the other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some shadow of the truth, not as yet the terrible truth itself, began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner, I cannot tell. The chief remembrance I have of it is of the expression of Lottie's face. It was precisely the same look that I had seen on it half a dozen years before, when a new doll which I had presented to Lottie had been taken away from her in punishment of some childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as upon some gala occasion. Lottie's papa drank Miss Simms' health and my health together in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew the truth, or did not know it, I cannot tell. The dinner was over at length; the wine was put on. The ladies drank their one glass and left us.

As I opened the door for them, Miss Simms whispered, "Do not be long."

"My dear fellow," said my host, "this little affair has given me the most entire satisfaction. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister Sarah, though I say it, who shouldn't, is a most estimable person, a capital housewife, good-tempered, and you and she have always got on very well together in your tastes for poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable. You are no longer a chicken, my dear fellow, and if she has a year or two the advantage of you, why, that is your affair, not mine. That is a matter of taste. Of course you know that her little property amounts to a mere nothing. She has lived with us now for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not be selfish in this world. Yes, I am convinced that Sarah will make you an excellent wife."

"Sir!" I gasped, "there is some terrible and fatal mistake."

"Mistake, sir?" cried my host, fiercely. "what do you mean?"

"Your sister is a very respectable person," I stammered; "but I never had the remotest idea of—of——"

"Of what, sir?"

"The remotest idea of asking her to be my wife."

"Jones," he said, solemnly, "I always took you to be a man of honor. The feelings and affections of a woman are not to be played with in this atrocious manner."

Everything swam before my eyes, the room turned round, the world was resolving itself again into chaos, the final collapse of all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my certain hopes to ruin irretrievable and blank despair, I turned sick and faint.

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence; I am not well."

I rushed from the room—from the house.

How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children will plant blossoms without any roots in the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; but we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

EVERY day travels towards death; the last only arrives at it.

ONLY A WOMAN'S STORY.

Rich heavy curtains are they against which rest my head, and they should be to mate with their surroundings, for everything betokens wealth, idleness, and ease. Of the costliest silks and laces is the robe which falls down to my feet. Diamonds sparkle on my face and hands. My kind, indulgent husband has just said to me, "You are very beautiful to-night, Laura. I am so proud of you my darling."

Is not this enough to satisfy the cravings of a woman's heart? How many say that a life like mine must be a happy one—no tears, no heartaches! Ah! how little do they know of the weary, aching heart, the ever longing for years long since past.

I have been dreaming of them to-night while looking out at the bright moon as she peers down from amid the fleecy clouds—dreaming of a time in those past years when I looked up at her unsullied purity; but how different from to-night! Then my feet pressed nature's carpeting, and my head rested against the trunk of the old apple tree which stood beside my father's door. I wore no jewels then, but May roses were braided in my hair—braided by his hand; not my husband's, but the hands of one who was very dear to me. He is now in that bright land above. They say that there are meetings there, and no heartaches.

Oh, Gerald! you will forgive me then! Heaven only knows how I have suffered. It seems so long since that May night, when we stood beneath that old tree, Gerald's dark eyes looking down into mine, and his lips uttering words that were so dear to me; and I, placing my hands in his, promised to be his bride.

Oh, how I loved him! He was so good, kind and noble, and I was so proud of his manly beauty and grand intellect. His struggle had been a hard one, but he had fought it bravely through; and now, with nothing but his profession as an engineer, he was starting to win his way and a home for me.

"You will wait for me, Laura, dear?" said he. "Remember that it will be the thoughts of you that will cause me to use every effort to make me a home, for when it is gained I am to claim my bride. My home is to be your home."

And I promised that I would wait—wait until time should turn our brown heads white, if need be.

Looking back through the long, dreary years, how plainly can I see the far-away farm-house, as it was when I was one of its inmates. But there is a great difference between Laura Clayton and Laura Lynn, wife of the banker.

Ten years have made the change. I was a careless, light-hearted girl then, the only child of kind parents, who gratified every wish of their child that was in their power. I had had a taste of the world, and it caused me to become tired of my farm life, I longed for something higher, and to gain this, I had learnt that wealth was one of the greatest requisites.

It was very hard to part with Gerald; but his letters were so full of love and hope, that they helped me to pass, almost pleasantly, the days. One year had glided smoothly by, and then the tempter came.

Theodore Lynn saw me, was attracted to my pretty young face, and asked me to be his wife. Then I was false to Gerald, false to myself, for I broke my vow and took a false one.

I wrote to Gerald but a short time before I was married—wrote as I had ever written. I did not tell him—I could not. Other hands might write it; other lips tell him—not mine.

My husband brought me to his elegant mansion, and his position placed me in the highest circles.

I never saw Gerald again. He never married, and they told me he died with my name upon his lips.

My parents went to that long home the first year of our marriage, and last summer, for the first time since then, I visited my childhood's home. The house was lonely and dreary. The rose and jessamine that I had trained over the windows were torn down; but one of the old lilacs remained, and the paths that my feet had trod so often had long since with grass been overgrown. The tree—that dear old tree, beneath whose branches I had sung, talked, laughed, and uttered the vow so falsely broken—had been uprooted by the wind. I sat down on its fallen trunk, and wept tears of bitter sorrow. I shall never go back again until they lay me down by my parents.

My husband is proud of me, proud of the admiration I have won, and he loves me. I have tried to do my duty towards him, yet I feel that I have wronged him, and when the time comes I shall tell him—tell him of the past.

THE mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health; or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system, into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes depress all the vital forces. To be physically well, one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

THE bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out; and since for a moment of mirth we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit were it not watered by the tears of sensibility, and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

POETRY reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasure, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

FACETIÆ

WHERE to go when short of money—Go to work.

SURE to produce short crops—The barber's shears.

THE voice of spring is said to be heard in the passing sneeze.

UNCLE.—"How did the mother of Moses hide him?"

Niece.—"With a stick."

AT the spelling school in Indianapolis all the lawyers, editors, clergymen, and teachers went down on "ipecacuanha."

AN Indiana judge has decided that, if a woman will shorten pie-crust with butter at thirty-eight cents per pound, her husband has good grounds for divorce.

IF you want to see a man struggling to do several things at once, just watch him trying to put on his overcoat and rubbers and yet keep his head bowed while the minister is pronouncing the benediction.

Two Davenport girls attempted to discover what men find so attractive in cigars and whisky. They commenced on the cigars first, and soon became so "seasick," that they unanimously agreed to postpone the investigation of the attractiveness of whisky. We suspect they lit the wrong end of the cigar.

THERE is a very amusing sign-board of one Paddy Gallagher, who keeps a drinking-house in San Francisco, California. Wishing to blend the emblems and mottoes of America and Ireland, he had an eagle painted on one side, and a harp upon the other, and the mottoes ran thus:

"Epluribus Erin—Unum go bragh."

GEMS FROM DR. WOT'S-HIS-NAME.

Birds in their little nests agree,
Which 'tis their duty to;
But if you eat too many birds,
They won't agree with you.

Gurgle, gurgle, little jar;
How I wonder what you are!
To my thirsty throat you're dear,
Whether wine you hold or beer.

"BUB, did you ever stop to think," said a Michigan avenue grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?"

"Nos, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in about every quart of milk you sold."

The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

A CALIFORNIAN story tells of a man who resolved to give up drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read, and proved; the party held up his hand, and murmured the usual promise. The paper was then properly sealed and delivered.

"What's to pay?" asked the pledge-taker.

"To pay—to pay?" exclaimed the notary. "Nothing, of course—this is a labor of love."

"Nothing to pay!" returned the grateful but very forgetful pledge-taker. "You are a brick. Let's take a drink!"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

SQUARE WORDS.

1.

1. A river in Europe. 2. A verb or noun. 3. A girl's name. 4. An ore.

2.

1. A bird. 2. To decrease. 3. A girl's name. 4. Close to.

WILLIE HOLMES.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first in grace you will always see,
My second in health must ever be,
My third and fourth are in arrow and dart,
My fifth in love holds a prominent part,
My sixth and seventh are in caresses,
My eighth you'll always find in dresses,
My ninth is seen in string and line,
My tenth in cord, but not in twine,
My eleventh you will find in kitten,
My twelfth is seen in glove and mitten,
My thirteenth is in ink and pen,
My last in boys, but not in men.
When all the letters are combined,
They'll bring an author to your mind.

GAMMER.

LADIES' NAMES.

1. Two-thirds of a sacrifice, a conjunction, a pronoun, and an article.
2. An article of furniture, two-thirds of sick, and half of to mend.
3. A month, and an article.
4. A vehicle, oil transposed, and half of tidy.
5. A beverage, ten, a conjunction, and half of a contest.
6. A scriptural man's name, a consonant, an article, and a letter of the Hebrew alphabet.

E. A.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 42.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 38, Vol. 34.

DOUBLE REBUS.—

M otto O
A ncien T
C ate H
B al E
E qua L
T hril L
H enric O

ANAGRAMATICAL PROVERBS.—

1. Do not spur a free horse.
2. No smoke without some fire.
3. Faint heart never won fair lady.
4. Rome was not built in a day.
5. Strive and thrive.

ENIGMA.—The letter A.

CONICAL PUZZLE.—

B
W Y E
C O R A L
G R O O V E S
V A L E N T I N E

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

I
A S S
I S A A C
T O W A R D S
I N N O C E N C E
I S A A C N E W T O N
S E N T E N C E D
B E T W E E N
M A T I N
S O T
N

IN APRIL

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Bare twigs in April enhance our pleasure;
We know the good time is yet to come;
With leaves and flowers to fill summer's measure,
And countless songs are the birds be dumb.

Bare twigs in Autumn are signs for sadness;
We feel the good time is well-nigh past:
The glow subdued, and the voice of gladness;
And frosty whispers in every blast.

For perfect garlands just now we waited;
Already, garlands are turning sere;
And Time, old traveler, like one belated,
Hurries on to fulfil the year.

Ah, Spring's defects, and October's losses!
Fair hope, and memory!—but grieve not thou;
In leafless dells, look, what emerald mosses;
Nay, secret buds on the wintry bough.

GRANDMAMMA GORDEN.

BY M. P.

Although of mature age, I had fallen so completely into my uncle's power, as to give him the almost absolute disposal of my hand. I was brought up most unwisely—in other words, with expectations—and, consequently, I was good for nothing else but to keep on expecting. I spent many years as a walking gentleman of society in London, and many more in wandering to and fro upon the Continent; but, at length, when actually within hail of forty, I found myself once more with my legs under the mahogany of the Athenæum, and with nothing to pay for the good things above it but what came out of the pockets of a tough and somewhat peremptory old man.

He had never before insisted upon my marrying; but the reason was that he had remained in constant expectation of the occurrence taking place through my own connivance. Indeed, it has been his business for many years to interpose gently between me and the catastrophe, suggesting now that I did not know enough of the lady, and again that I knew too much, and so forth.

The fact is, I had never been without expectations of taking a wife, always voluntarily abandoned, till my first crop of gray hairs appeared. After that, the difficulty was on the side of the lady; and I was at length so much disgusted by the unreasonableness of the sex, that I determined to live and die a bachelor. Just at this time I received from my uncle a letter which was short and to the purpose.

"Dear Nephew: I am glad to hear of what you call the vacancy in your heart, as you will thus have no difficulty in fulfilling my wishes and obeying my solemn injunctions. You have promised several times to marry, and you must now do so. I have never interfered with your choice, and you are not to interfere with mine. The widow and heiress of my old comrade Gorden is in the market. Our estates run into each other in such a way that you might comprise them both in the same ring fence. She is a healthy woman, and not too young; and the arrangement is that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy you. Yours affectionately,

"John Murchinson."

If she could fancy me! The widow of old Gorden, and a healthy woman indeed! What a horrible description! I thought my uncle must have intended to try the extent of my loyalty; and I do not know that I had ever a fit of more bitter reflection than while conjuring up the idea conveyed; for, owing to the idle life I had led, I had not yet got rid of the ideas of romance which were so unfit for mature years like mine. It was one thing to indulge my despair in old bachelorhood, and quite another to carry disappointment into the domestic circle of an old woman. I confess I did hope that Mrs. Gorden owed her healthy condition to at least some lingering remains of youth; but a second letter from my uncle, in reply to my remonstrances, dissipated at once my fond illusion, by informing me that the widow's family could afford no possible objection, her only daughter being well married.

There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditations from the lady to the estate, and, if I thought of the ring at all, to fancy it within a ring fence.

But the affair could not be slept over any longer, and I set out for my uncle's, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans. In due time I arrived at the little town of ——, distant only a few miles from my destination.

It was here I heard, and with cruel suddenness, of a circumstance connected with my intended, which made me at first determine to rush back to ——, and, if necessary, take to street-sweeping, authorship, or any other desperate resource, rather than marry that Mrs. Gordeu.

I was passing a half-open door in the hotel, when I heard a female voice addressing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising generation.

"It shall go," said the voice, "and so it shall, to its own gran—granny—granny—granny—to its own—own—granny—granny—that it shall, so it shall—won't it?—to its own Granny Gorden."

The next minute, in reply to my hurried questions, my fears were confirmed by the landlord—my intended old and healthy bride was an absolute grandmother—grandmother Gorden!

I had intended to go on at once to my uncle's, but that was now impossible. My agitated mind needed repose. A night's reflections were necessary to arm me with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace, and, engaging a bed at the inn, I went out to walk in the neighboring wood.

The locality was not chosen without a motive, for I knew that from the summit of a low hill a mile distant I should obtain a view of —— Court, and I felt that, if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widow, it would be the spectacle of her castellated mansion seated in a park which was a very paradise of beauty. Every step I advanced reconciled me more and more to the old lady.

But just at that moment a sound broke upon my ears which conjured up recent disagreeable associations. It was the cry of a child. My thoughts at once turned to hale, hearty, long-living grandmotherhood. Visions of canes and snuff-boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ears, and, worse than all, the glances of matrimonial love from the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood.

How different was the scene that met my eyes as I turned the corner of a clump of trees! The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grassy knoll, fighting up with its little clenched fists, and crowing, as the nursemaids call it, with all its might, while bending over it, with eyes brimful of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching wild kisses from its brow, and seizing its neck with her lips as if she would throttle it, knelt a young woman—and such a young woman!—a woman in the very prime and glory of her years.

I did not think she could have been quite thirty. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her disheveled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders; but a bright radiance was on her queenly brow, just as a voice of peremptory command was heard in her light joyous laugh. There was a fearless self-possession in her manner, such as years superadded to the feminine softness of youth, and her features, originally moulded in wax, were now as firm, yet as exquisitely fine, as if they had been cut in the semi-transparent marble of Paros.

While feasting on the beautiful picture formed by the mother and her child—surely that must be the relationship—a little incident occurred which disturbed them both.

The infant, with a shriller squeal of delight, and a more vigorous spasm of its limbs than it had hitherto indulged in, suddenly rolled down the knoll, crowing as it went, and the lady, with a playful yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod. Before she could get up, I had sprung from my ambush, caught up the truant as it lay half smothered in daisies and buttercups, and presented the prize to the flushed and startled mother.

To describe the conversation of such a fascinating woman is impossible. She was not a woman of society, yet she was perfectly well-bred. She had spent the greater part of her life in the country, invigorating both mind and body with the pure air of heaven, visiting town occasionally, and thus she was enabled, with the assistance of books, and the general literature of the day, to keep pace with the progress of the world.

I do not know it was, but our acquaintanceship seemed to be ready-made, and, having mentioned my uncle's name, she had no difficulty presently in remembering his respectable friend Mrs. Gorden.

"You know Mrs. Gorden?" said I.

"Yes."

"What! Grandmother Gorden?"

"Yes."

"How do you like the individual?"

"I sympathize with her, for I, too——"

And, breaking off with a sigh, she held up the fairest hand in the world, so as to show a widow's ring.

I had not *hitherto* noticed her slight mourning, but I now saw that she was a widow, a young and charming widow, and that the infant was the pledge of a love extinguished by the grave.

She was free, this lovely young woman, and I was about to be chained for life to Grandmother Gorden! She saw my agitation, but, of course, could not comprehend its cause.

"Come," she said, with an angelic smile, "I see you do not like my venerable friend, but I am determined to reconcile you to her. She is a grandmother, it is true, and therefore not so young as she has been, but she wears well—she is indeed particularly healthy; and thus, if you form a friendship with her, it is likely to last for many years."

"That is the misery of it," said I. "If she were but like other old women—if she were but subject to the common diseases of grandmothers—my fate might be endurable."

"Your fate! What has that to do with Mrs. Gorden's longevity?"

"I am only going to be married to her, that's all!" and the absurd announcement was no sooner out of my mouth than the fair stranger broke into peals of laughter, which, to my ears, at that inauspicious moment, sounded like the screams of an evil spirit.

"Pardon me," said she, endeavoring to compose herself; "I am far too giddy for a——" and the widow kissed the orphan child. "But the idea of a marriage between you and Mrs. Gorden is really too ridiculous. You appear to be a martyr to circumstances; but has the old lady given her consent?"

"Her consent? Oh, let her alone for that! It's not often that a fellow like me comes in the way of a grandmother. There is no likelihood of her refusing me; and, if I refuse her, I may as well hang myself."

"Why think of such an alternative? Although probably dependent on fortune, you are not too old to work and to struggle. If you will not allow poor, aged Mrs. Gorden to enrich you, there are fortunes in the world still to be made by the adventurous and the industrious."

"Give me a motive," cried I, suddenly, "and I will both dare and suffer! I cannot do it for so poor a meed as fortune; but place in the distance something worthy of my effects, something rich enough to reward them, something——"

"What?" said she, innocently.

"Love!" cried I, in desperation; and before she could prevent me, I had caught hold of her hand, and smothered it with kisses.

I spent several hours with the lovely widow, and saw—clearly saw—that only a little time was wanting to enable me to gain her affections; and then I bade her adieu, extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs. Gorden, and that, when I called at the Court, she would see me alone, that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and myself.

When I arrived at my uncle's, I found him in a very bad temper, as he had expected me the day before; and matters were not mended when I mentioned frankly the misgivings I had on the score of domestic happiness.

"Domestic fiddlesticks!" cried he. "What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife—a healthy woman to boot, come of a long-winded race, and as likely as not to lay you beside my old friend Gorden? She is a grandmother already. Doesn't that look well? You do not think her too young?" And the old gentleman grinned, while I gave vent to a spasmodic exclamation. "Then what disturbs you about her—more especially since you tell me that there is 'a vacancy in your heart?' But here comes a letter from the Court," and, tearing open a large, old-fashioned-looking missive, presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:

"My Dear Sir: I am told that your nephew has arrived, and, as he has been reported upon favorably by one who saw him yesterday, and on whose taste and judgment I can rely, I am tempted to say, with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. I am truly grateful for the many obliging things I am told he said of me, and I hope one day or other he will find them all realized. My dearest grandchild sends a kiss to you both; and, with the best regards, I remain, as usual, Grandmother Gorden."

"There!" cried the old gentleman, with odious triumph. "There is a spirit for you! Why, you dog, you will be as happy as the day is long!"

I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were brooding bitterly over the treachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise, and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embarrassing, by persuading the wretched grandmother that I had been such an ass as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness, and infirmities. It was clear that she was a jilt, that she had only been laughing at my admiration, and that she was now determined to extract further amusement from my calamities. I resolved, however, to die game; and, telling my uncle that, though well acquainted with Mrs. Gorden from report, I desired to see her personally before deciding, I threw myself on horseback and galloped straightway to the Court.

It had been my intention to ask for Mrs. Gorden, but the wily widow was on her guard, for as the door opened, I heard her call to the servant in her silvery tones, "Show the gentleman in here;" and in another minute I stood once more in the presence of the unknown of the forest. I found her more beautiful, better dressed, and younger looking than she had appeared the day before, and, as I saw with keen appreciation the treasure I was about to lose forever, my resentment died away, and deep grief took its place.

"You forgot your promise," said I; "you make a sport of my misery."

"What could I have said when questioned?" inquired she, sweetly. "But what misery do you allude to—the misery of marrying a grandmother?"

"Yes, when my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you; you are as incapable of passion as a statue. You could never loved even your husband!"

"You are in some degree wrong; still, I was so young when I was married—only sixteen—that I looked upon my husband more as a guardian than a lover. I was not quite seventeen when I became a mother."

"Is it possible? That is not a great while ago."

"Greater than you perhaps suppose; for a sound constitution and salubrious air are apt to lead to mistakes. Would you take me to be well on towards thirty-five?"

"What became of your child?" cried I, suddenly.

"We all married young in our family," replied the widow, hanging her head. "It was my daughter's infant," she continued, looking up at me with the most beautiful blush that ever lit the cheeks of a girl, "which you restored to me yesterday from among the daisies and butter cups, and I am Grandmother Gorden."

ODD CURES.

When Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, lay prostrate with pleuritic fever, the greatest physicians in the land found their skill avail nothing; and all the statesman's alarmed friends got for expending seven hundred guineas in fees was the cold comfort, that everything that could be done had been done, and the case was hopeless. While those gathered round the bedside of the supposed dying man listened for his last sigh, he faintly murmured: "Small-beer, small-beer!" The doctors did not think it worth while to say nay, and only interfered to squeeze an orange into the half-gallon cup of small-beer before permitting it to be put to the lips of the sick man, who drained it to the dregs, and then demanded another draught, which he served in the same way; then, turning on his side, he went off into a deep slumber, attended with profuse perspiration, and awoke a new man. Nature knows what she is about, and when she prescribes, a happy result may be pretty safely predicted.

Graham, the once famous quack, was wont to exhibit himself plunged to the chin in mud, a mud-bath taken regularly being his specific for insuring a century of health, happiness, and honor. Every physician at the time treated mud-bathing with ridicule, but in the present day the mud-baths at a certain German watering-place are among the recognized means of ameliorating several disorders. Graham was not wrong; he only took a quackish way of announcing his theories. There is apparently a curative power in earth. Not long ago, a man employed at some iron-works near Melksham managed to get himself fixed in the narrow part of an iron tube, and when he was extricated, was to all appearance dead. His mates dug a hole in the ground, put the unconscious patient into it, and filled in the earth, leaving only a small hole for him to breathe through, should he draw breath again. In a very short time he showed signs of returning life, with his own hands cleared away the earth; and a dram of brandy set him once more on his legs, little the worse for his mishap.

Joaquin Miller's earth-cure experience had a more ghastly ending. Traveling with a mining party in California, six of them were suddenly struck down with scurvy, and there being none of the usual remedies at hand, an old sailor suggested the trial of one which had saved a ship's crew in some land in the tropics. This was simply to bury the men upright as far as their chins, until the earth drew the poison out of their bodies. Six pits were quickly dug in the warm alluvial soil, and when the sun went down, the men were placed in them, and the earth shoveled in around them. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and the operation completed, the invalids chatted gaily together; their shaggy heads just bursting through the earth, in the fitful moonlight, made them look like men coming up to judgment; their voices sounding weird and ghostly, as of another world. After a while, one by one they fell asleep, and all was still. Their comrades then stole away and sought their cabins. When they rose in the morning, and went to see how the buried men fared, they found that the wolves had come down in the night, and eaten off every head level with the ground!

A good story is told of an old shoemaker. He was charged with practising unlawful arts as an ague-charmer. "I cure people," said he, "by pretending to do it. People believe I can cure the ague, and when they come to me, I say I can cure them. Bidding them wait my return, I go into my garden, cut a twig of some tree, make nine notches in it, and bury it in the garden. Then I tell them I have buried the ague with it, and they have such confidence in me that the ague leaves them."

Here we have the whole secret of a magical medium. Dr. Faith is a famous exorcisor of disease. In plain English, according to the well-known saying, "Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure." Addison advised the learned men of his day to use the time they waste in controversies about nothing, in brandishing loaded sticks, thereby enjoying all the pleasure of boxing without the blows, while evaporating the spleen that made them uneasy to the public as well as themselves.

The strains of David's harp drew the evil spirit out of King Saul; Farinelli sang the Spanish monarch out of a melancholy stupor not far removed from madness; and with still greater ease, an amateur comic singer used to charm away a lord-lieutenant's tic-douloureux; while a French gentleman of the olden time had such reliance upon the power of sweet sounds, that, instead of calling in a doctor when he was troubled with any pains, he sent for a band of musicians, who never failed to play every ache out of his body.

Equally sceptical as to the worth of nauseous potions was the son of Lord Lauderdale, who, when his father's physicians despaired of his overcoming his obstinate wakefulness, quietly suggested that they should send for a preacher who always made his father "to fall asleep in the kirk." The preacher was brought, and the worthy man's harangue had the wished-for result. There is a powerful somniferous effect in monotonous reading or speaking.

Pope once found himself in a stage-coach with a young and pretty gentlewoman, who let him know, with a great deal of innocence and simplicity, that she was the lately married daughter of a neighbor, who, having come up to town to consult her physicians, was returning to the country, to try what good air could do to recover her. Happening to have some fruit with him, Pope ventured to prescribe a little, which, though prohibited by her doctors, she accepted, and ate. Some laughing and agreeable conversation ensued. The young woman's color returned. A little cheerfulness had done its work, and she confessed to feel herself getting well.

This incident reminds us of the scriptural text: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but grief drieth the bones." Why is this capital old prescription so little kept in remembrance? Singing a humorous song may do more for one than taking a dose of medicine. In our young days, a collection of droll songs had, by way of recommendation, on the title page:

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
While every song we merry drawn one out.

There was a good deal of philosophy in these two lines.

Dr. Crawford, a Baltimore physician, had a troublesome patient, a man who had taken it into his head that he was slowly dying of a liver complaint, when he had nothing at all the matter with him, barring the delusion. The doctor sent him traveling, and he soon forgot his disease altogether; but, unfortunately, he had no sooner returned home in the best of health, than news came of the death of his twin-brother, of schirrous liver. He was thereupon seized with the fancy that he, too, was dead like his brother, of liver complaint. Dr. Crawford was sent for, and after hearing the story, merely remarked: "Oh, yes; he is dead, sure enough, and probably his liver was the death of him, as he expected it would be. However, I will soon ascertain that, by opening the body before putrefaction sets in. Bring me a carving-knife."

The knife was soon in the doctor's hands, and he stepped towards the hypochondriac; but before he could commence his post-mortem examination, the dead-alive jumped up, shouting "Murder!" dashed out of the room, and out of the house, and made across country; he ran till he ran himself out, and fell from exhaustion. Finding nobody followed him, as soon as he was able, he returned to the house, and though he lived a score of years longer, he was never heard to complain of his liver again.

There is another anecdote of the same kind. Dr. Cabarus was called in by the friends of a French duchess who had convinced herself that she had swallowed a frog, which was revenging itself by destroying her health. She had consulted several eminent men, but they only tried to reason her out of her hallucination. Cabarus, with greater wisdom, gravely felt the pulse of the poor lady, listened patiently to her details, and then gratified her with: "The frog is there, madam; but I will remove it."

Proceeding to the nearest shop where such a thing was procurable, the doctor bought a small green frog, and returned to his patient. Administering an innocent emetic, as soon as it operated the doctor took an opportunity of slipping his frog into the basin provided for the occasion. Believing she beheld her tormentor, the duchess gave vent to her gratitude, but suddenly stopped, turned very pale, and exclaimed: "Oh, doctor, the frog has left some little ones behind her!" Not at all put out by this new freak of a diseased fancy, Cabarus replied, "We shall see." Then, taking the frog in his hand, he scrutinized it for a moment before uttering, in assuring tones: "Madam, that is impossible; the frog is a male." The duchess was satisfied; and the young physician from that day had no lack of fashionable patronage.

A number of years ago, an eccentric Edinburgh surgeon, of high repute, popularly known as Lang Sandy Wood, once had a lady patient who was in the same sore strait as the aforesaid church dignitary, owing to the presence of a tumor in the throat, which stubbornly refused to yield to medical devices. The Scottish surgeon was at his wits' end, when a lucky inspiration saved his being compelled to own he was beaten. While conversing with the sufferer, he stirred the fire, and left the poker there, and after a bit, asked his patient to open her mouth as widely as possible. Directly she obeyed orders, Dr. Wood seized the red-hot poker, and rushed at the wondering lady, as if he proposed thrusting his strange surgical instrument down her throat. A shrill scream rang through the room, the tumor broke, and the frightened lady found herself out of danger.

Cæsar held, that to die quickly was to die happily; so, too, thought one whose case has been cited by Montaigne as an instance of Fortune playing the physician. Jason Pherœus, troubled with an incurable imposthumation, resolved to end his pain by dying in battle, and throwing himself into the thickest of the fight, was run quite through the body, which caused the imposthumation to break, and his wound healing, he found life enjoyable after all. This lucky hero, who could brave death better than he could endure pain, owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy-afflicted cardinal had to thank a monkey for a like good turn. His physicians had left him to die, and as he lay, waiting helplessly for the end, the dying cardinal saw his servants carry off everything that was movable, without being able even to expostulate with the thieves. At length, his pet ape came into the room, and, taking the hint from the provident lackeys, looked round for something he could appropriate. Nothing was left but the cardinal's hat; this the ape donned, and proud of his novel headgear, indulged in such odd antics, that his all but dead master burst into a hearty fit of laughter; the quinsy broke, and the cardinal recovered, as much to his own astonishment as to the dismay of his plundering servitors.

When messengers were despatched to Blucher in his retirement, with the stirring tidings of the escape of "the man of thousand thrones" from his island prison, they found the marshal—believing he had been transformed into an elephant—exercising himself by running round a room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust. However, they told their tale. The name of Napoleon acted like a charm upon the rough and tough old war-dog; the cloud passed from his mind; Blucher was himself again, ready to go anywhere and do anything. His visitors were better physicians than they thought themselves. Just as unpremeditated was the cure a mad woman effected on herself. She swallowed more than half a pint of laudanum, bade her servants good-bye, drew her bed-curtains round her, and composed herself for her last sleep. In the morning, the would-be suicide awoke in terrible agony; the doctors managed to expel the poison, and, to their astonishment, the madness vanished with it.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to good reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

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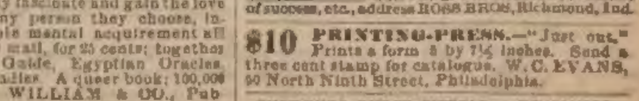
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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We are happy to announce a very sensible decree from the monarch of fashion, mighty Worth, is that glace silks and that variety known to our grandmammas as "taffeta," will positively supersede the heavy gros grain and faille silks of past seasons. Apart from the greater amount of comfort to be derived from wearing a silk of lighter quality during the warm weather, there is much to be urged against the heavy, lustreless silks for street wear, on the score of cleanliness. For who can wear, or rather trail, as our fair belles will trail their flounces, a handsome gros grain through the streets, over muddy or dusty pavements, and then ever restore it to its original freshness, by any amount of brushing, scrubbing with benzine, etc. The glace silk and the taffeta, if of good quality, are strong and elastic, wear excellently well, stand any amount of dust and brushing, and look fresh, and wear as long as there is a scrap left.

We have seen some very stylish suits of black taffeta, newly imported, and intended for a more advanced season; although with the addition of a warmly lined outer basque of the same, or a dolman cape, they could well be worn now. We will briefly describe one, and then pass on to other items.

The lower skirt was trimmed with the popular knife-blade pleatings. Two rows on the front widths—very fine, almost like crimping—four rows on the back widths.

The overskirt was a very deep apron, hence the need of more trimming upon the back and side widths; it was shirred and divided in four longitudnal puffs, by bias plaits or folds of the material laid on. At the bottom of this skirt was a knife pleating, four inches deep. This overskirt rounded upwards towards the middle of the back, where a sash or scarf of the same, gracefully draped, gave a finish to it. Similar scarfs, laid in four wide kilt plaits, were placed at each side; they were simply hemmed at the bottom with what is known as "blind stitching."

The corsage was quite new and stylish. The waist was trimmed with a shirring of the same, not gathered, but formed by fine, upturned pleats; this shirring was placed on each side of the front, commencing at the belt, being at that point two inches in width, continued over the shoulders, where it widened to three and a half inches; from thence taken down the side seams of the back in the form of bretelles, and gradually narrowed until upon reaching the belt it was two inches wide.

A pleated skirt attached to a belt of the material was added. The pleats all turned in one direction, the shape pointed back and front, a round point; the depth back and front six inches, at the sides not exceeding three. The sleeves were trimmed upon the outer seam with a shirring similar to that upon the waist. A pleated frill fell over the hand, and a double bow of taffeta ribbon was placed on the outer seam, just where the frill commenced. A high, square-cornered collar finished the neck.

We have gone more into detail over this costume than we at first intended, but we think our friends will hardly find fault with us for so doing, since it is surely a charming model.

We are glad to notice that the black cashmere overskirts and basques are returning to their well-deserved place in fashionable favor. These overskirts are simply deep aprons, square, or round, and are trimmed with jet, and edged with fringe or lace. They are so useful and can be made to answer the purpose of house or street wear with equal propriety, that they are a positive necessity in one's wardrobe.

Plaids are being largely imported for suits, for which we are sorry. We cannot commend them to our readers, as, to us, they have a common appearance. They are not objectionable for children or school-girls; on the contrary, very pretty, and nicely combined as regards color, with a plain underskirt of the leading tint in the plaid, are very effective in suits.

Concerning bonnets, the preference is given decidedly to black or dark brown chips. The shape most generally adopted has a large crown, and wide halo rim. The width of this rim reaches its climax in front, where it is turned up above the forehead, the sides slope downwards, and are much narrower.

For such bonnets a face trimming is necessary, and is put in quite full. Some prefer it of tulle, black or white, intermingled with flowers; others prefer loops and puffs of soft serge ribbon.

A decided feature in the trimming is a rouleau or band which is added to the rest of the adornment, and which extends entirely round the bonnet under the rim. It gives a comfortable feeling and good fit, when properly adjusted.

With such bonnets one must be careful to wear the hair suitably. Most Parisian ladies simply friz the front hair, and wear the back in a wide, Catogan loop, tied just below the nape of the neck with a black ribbon.

We saw a charming bonnet of this shape, of black chip, the halo front faced by a bias band of cream-colored faille, an inch and a half in width. The rouleau was of the same tint, but, instead of being faille, was soft twilled India silk. The flowers for face trimming and outside were small clusters of apple blossoms, and two deeply-tinted safrano buds, half opened. Two long scarfs of black tulle, lined with white, fully a yard and a half long, and a half yard in width, were put on at the back, and loosely tied under the chin.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Spanish mantles of black lace, and sometimes black silk edged with lace, are very much worn by Parisian ladies in the evening, at soirees, or the opera, etc.

A charming ornament for the hair is a dragon-fly of beaten silver, the body studded with small diamonds and emeralds; the eyes, rubies. Tiny emeralds dot the wings. French, of course.

Large hats of Leghorn or chip will again be popular for country and seaside wear during the coming season.

The tiny bouquets of artificial flowers for the hair and breast are all the rage abroad, and are being largely imported here. Those for the hair are mounted on long pins.

Blouse waists of colored silk or cashmere, pleated or shirred, are considered very stylish for house wear, combined with a black skirt.

Byronic and deep sailor collars are shown on many suits. They are rolled high, however, and lie closely about the neck.

Small, jaunty breast-pockets are again worn on basques.

The new aumoniere is puffed, and deeply pointed at the bottom.

Many white muslin ties are embroidered in colors.

A pretty style of wearing the hair is a double bow on top, instead of the roll, and four lengthwise finger puffs behind, just above the Catogan loop.

Plain black kid gloves, without any stitching, are considered very stylish abroad, even with light costumes.

Gray linen dusters for summer traveling are made with band at the back, and a long, pointed hood, instead of the very useless cape.

Twilled debege, in dark gray and brown, will be given the preference over linen for traveling suits.

Cream color or light tea rose is the fashionable color.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

KATE R.—If your hair will curl nicely, you can wear three long, thick curls at the back, tied together, instead of the braids.

EDITH.—Your gray plume may be very nicely dyed here without injuring the feather at all. Black we would suggest, instead of dark blue.

MISS NETTIE K.—A good hair braid, made entirely of long hair, is expensive, but a valuable possession, and generally worth the money expended upon it. Yes, we can procure it for you, and also the lace you speak of, if you desire.

MRS. M. J. B.—Your very kind letter has been received, and it gives us pleasure to reply to your inquiries. Plaids are fashionable, but, as you will see by referring to Boudoir, we do not admire them for suits for grown persons. Your daughter of fourteen can very well wear them, however. We would advise quiet colors—drab, plaided with blue, or dark gray crossed with hair and fine stripes of scarlet. The latter is quite effective, when the lines are fine and not too close together. We would advise a dolman cape to go with your black silk suit, as you are tall and slender. Get a glace silk or taffeta instead of a gros grain.

NIXON.

A SYRIAN LEGEND.

THE GRAPES OF DARAYA.

BY GEORGE GROVE.

There is a certain grape sold in the bazaars of Damascus, called *par excellence* "ez zeiney," or the beautiful. It is a white grape, large and long, very fragrant, sweet, and juicy, and with a particularly hard skin, which enables it to bear packing and carriage without injury. Of all the grapes grown in this district it is the favorite, and immense quantities are consumed by the people. It is cultivated in a village near Damascus, called Daraya, on the old Roman road southwest of the city, and there only, for though often planted elsewhere, it has always obstinately refused to thrive. The following is the legend of the origin of these grapes, as told by the Moslems of Damascus:

Mohammed, the Prophet of God (whom may God bless and preserve), was accustomed to retire into the desert surrounding the city in which he dwelt, each day at the hour of afternoon prayer. On these occasions he would allow no one to accompany him, and much curiosity was in consequence felt by his followers as to the object of these mysterious disappearances. One of the most intimate of them (whose name is no longer known), more daring than the rest, was determined to discover the secret, and one afternoon he stealthily followed the prophet out of the town. After going some distance into the desert, Mohammed said the afternoon prayers. When he had finished, the heavens opened, and a ladder was let down to the earth, up which he proceeded to climb. His friend followed close, and when the door of heaven was reached, he contrived, by hiding himself behind the skirts of the prophet's dress, to enter with him unperceived. He found himself in the immediate presence of Allah. Allah was seated on a magnificent divan, in all the celestial splendors. He was evidently waiting for the arrival of Mohammed, whom He at once recognized, called him to His right hand at the corner of the sofa, and commanded Gabrielle and the other attendants to bring coffee, pipes, sweetmeats, etc. Meantime the friend had been enabled, in the bustle of the entrance, to creep behind the divan, from whence he watched all that happened. After a time conversation flagged, and a game at chess was proposed. To this Mohammed—who was perfectly at his ease, and apparently well used to his company—would only assent on condition that the game should be for some stakes worth winning. It was at last settled that the stakes should be a banquet, to be furnished on the spot by the loser.

The prophet won the game without difficulty, and the banquet at once appeared. One of its chief delicacies was a cluster of magnificent grapes, such as no mortal vine ever bore, or mortal eye beheld, immense in size, beautiful in form and color, and of celestial fragrance. At the sight of the grapes the friend could resist no longer. He stole out of his hiding-place, and, while the prophet and his host were busy with the feast, he contrived, by mingling with the attendants, to break off a portion of the bunch, which he hid in his bosom, and then darted off down the ladder. Once on the earth again, he waited quietly in the neighborhood, and, on the prophet's reappearance, congratulated him on having played his part so well.

Mohammed was at first indignant, and professed not to understand his meaning, till the production of the grapes showed him that his follower had really witnessed all that had passed. He then bound him to secresy.

"And as for the grapes," said he, "do not waste such precious fruit by eating it, but take it to Daraya, near Damascus, and there plant it, so that the earth may benefit by your visit to heaven."

This his friend did. Now all men know that the earth of the plain of Damascus is that out of which our first father Adam was created, and that in all the world there is not so fine or so productive a soil; but of all that plain Daraya is the richest. The grapes grow there to this day in great abundance, for though thousands and tons of thousands eat of them, there is never any lack. But the vines will flourish nowhere else, as many can affirm who have planted them elsewhere.

And this is the story of the grapes of Daraya, which will grow nowhere but in their own soil.

PIPE vs. CRINOLINE.

BY J. ROY.

"Now, dearest Fred," she softly said,
"You must abandon smoking;
It spoils your looks—and then your breath—
Indeed it's most provoking.
Did God decree that man should be
A chimney flue regarded?
Then, darling Fred, let it be said,
Tobacco you've discarded."

"Haw, well, my dear," said Fred, "I fear
That will not be so easy:
But, like a man, I'll try a plan,
And do the best to please ye.
Did God intend that woman's mind
Such wond'rous things should brew, love,
As Bustles, Bloomers, Crinolines,
Or Hoops-de-dooden-do, love?"

"But really, if"—whif, whif, whif, whif—
"And mind you, I'm not joking,
If you a' anden Crinoline,
By Jove! I—I'll give up smoking."

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 9.

More Good Advice—A Bootless Expedition.

Frank and Richard reached the major's quarters without further adventures, and to their relief found that the brusque soldier had not returned. They at once retired and slept quietly till dawn. When they rose they acquainted a general officer with the attempt to lure them into a supposed trap, and the house marked by Richard's sword was invaded by a detachment of soldiers. The deception of the Mexican girl was discovered, for evidences that a party of men had occupied the building the preceding night were not wanting, and the girl had disappeared. Consequently no arrests were made, and the result of the episode was a general order forbidding soldiers to enter houses unless by command of commissioned officers.

Doubtless the lives of many soldiers were thus saved, and our young fortune-seekers were gratified to receive the thanks of the commander-in-chief. They feared that their disobedience would reach the major's ears; but fortunately he remained in ignorance, and the sojourn in Perote passed away without a discovery.

The boys were all excitement when the army at length broke camp and the general again turned his battle-bronzed face towards Puebla. The march was attended with no fighting worthy of record, and the scenery delighted the eyes of the second conquerers of Mexico. Above their heads hovered the black vultures of the skies, and now and then the eagle was seen soaring southward, as if he was bearing the news of the advance of the invaders to the capital.

How shall I describe the City of the Angels as it appeared that beautiful May morning that witnessed General Worth's entry? My pen would fail in the task, however delightful it would prove.

The city with its wonders must be seen to be appreciated; its Almedia, or public walk; its grand cathedral, seraph-builded as the wonderful legend says, and its eighty thousand people.

Here, as in Perote, no resistance was offered, for twelve miles from the city Santa Anna made a short stand with a few *lanceros*, and our adventurers had the gratification of assisting to vanquish the sworded son of misfortune.

"A dangerous city this, mind you," continued the major. "There's more treachery here than in the rest of the country. One of the divisions of a notorious secret order has its headquarters in Puebla, and the knife and cup will be used, I tell you. We must remain here to recruit the health of the army, Scott says; and the advance upon Mexico will not be made for several months. New reinforcements must arrive, and the munitions of war multiplied. Now be careful and do not get into needless trouble. When you want to see this wonderful city inform me. I have been here before, and know much about its crooks and straights."

For many days the major's advice was conducive to carefulness, and our American boys saw the city under his eyes. They inspected the cathedral and its solid silver lamps, and rested in the cool shade of the Almedia's trees. The aspect of the people did not please the soldiers. The citizens of Jalapa, kind and courteous, were not the citizens of Puebla; the latter regarded the Americans as an organized force of butchers, and soon the knife began to strike deep into Northern hearts.

The hospitals overflowed with the sick and wounded of the army, and at last Maurice, the major, found himself stretched upon a cot. A fever which had already stricken hundreds of Scott's soldiers struck him down, and Richard and Frank watched over the at times delirious sufferer. Many about the major yielded to the dread disease, and were carried to graves on Mexican soil; but our officer's strong constitution battled it successfully, and the crisis passing, left him on the mend.

The watchers hailed the new symptoms with undisguised joy, and after cautioning them concerning their rambles about the city, the major put himself in the care of new nurses and saw them depart.

Every morning they appeared at his cot, and talked about the events of the war and the sights they had seen in their strolls through the conquered city.

"I'll be out to-morrow the doctor says," said the major one day, and he smiled to think of his recovery.

"We must go to-night," said Frank, to his young comrade. "Do you believe the story?"

"It is quite probable. Dashaway will go with us," was the reply.

When nightfall came again three persons rode through the suburbs of the city. They were armed, for swords hung at their sides; but there was no swordly jingle.

"It is not far," said the most manly person of the trio, with eagerness. "Our Mexican people would call it sacrilege."

"They would indeed, Dashaway," said one of the other riders, whose voice proclaimed him Richard Julian. "How much do you think is buried there?"

"Oh, I don't know, but enough to make us rich men," replied the trooper. "We can dig it up with our swords, for it isn't deep, you see."

The objective point of the night ride was a small stone church, which occupied the summit of a knoll not far from the city proper.

Mark Dashaway, the dragoon, was the originator of the expedition. He had lately left the hospital, and this is the tale he told:

During his convalescence, a woman of Puebla, who had nursed him, declared that much wealth in golden ornaments and precious stones, had been buried under the altar of the stone church on the hill.

Dashaway, a credulous man, had believed the story, and upon his recovery, he sought our adventurers, whose love of adventure was stimulated by the excitement that promised to enliven a search for the wealth. During their sojourn in Mexico they had found Dashaway a good natured fellow, and resolved to accompany him to the church.

And Maurice, the major, knew nothing of all this!

The clouds that obscured the sky favored the trio, and the church was found deserted and silent.

No worshiper knelt at the altar, and the flat stone that lay before it was lifted by the combined strength of the party.

The light of Dashaway's taper revealed a flight of stepe, and a minute later the gold-seekers were under the ground. They had left their horses without the building, and in the gloom that reigned supreme there.

"Poor light, poor light," said Dashaway, snuffing the taper, and the blaze that leaped up anew made him smile.

"I see no treasure, corporal," said Richard, running his sword into the earth. "The woman——"

His sentence was broken by the report of a pistol, and poor Dashaway, with a death-dry, reeled and fell to the earth.

"*Maten a los carajos*" (kill the scoundrels)! thundered harsh voices, and the youths saw several fierce-looking men spring from the gloomy corners of the underground chamber.

"Retreat, but face them," said Richard to his comrade, and then he shouted, "America forever!" at the bandits.

The clash of swords rang throughout the place, lit up spectrally by the dead corporal's torch, and two of the assailants fell to the ground wounded and dying.

Slowly the gallant Americans ascended the steps, fighting all the time, and not uninjured, and at last, after a struggle, terrible and bloody, they regained the chancel, and pushed the stone into its place. But not long did it remain there, for the strongest of the bandits, a modern Samson, lifted it to receive a sword across his bearded face.

Then the horses were regained, and the boys galloped back to Puebla not only bootless, but wounded.

The point of a bandit's short lance had inflicted a painful wound in Richard's shoulder, and blood flowed freely from his companion's arm.

Weary and weak they reached the city, and their story sent a company of soldiers to the church.

They found poor Dashaway quite cold and near him three bandit lanceros slept the wakeless sleep.

No treasure was discovered, and it was believed that the Mexican nurse was in collusion with the rascals; that she had constrained Dashaway to go to the church, where she knew the enemies of America awaited him.

Most strange to relate, one of the dead men was found to be Valja, whose acquaintance the reader has already made; and when Richard was informed of his identity, he smiled and thought that the beautiful senorita in Jalapa was free.

Frank's wound sent him to the hospital, and when Maurice, the major, came to his cot, he said:

"I told you so! You have disobeyed special order number one. I set out for Vera Cruz to-morrow, or the next day, if you are able to travel. The Voltican will soon return to New Orleans."

Frank glanced at his bandaged arm.

"I wonder how the plantation looks," he said.

STEAM POWER.

Some statistics compiled by the Prussian Statistical Bureau seem to show that our country is one of the foremost nations in the world in the use of steam. Thus, in stationary engines the comparison stands thus: United States, 49,191 engines, 1,215,711 horse-power; England, 40,000 engines, 936,405 horse-power; France, 27,041 engines, 325,507 horse-power. We also lead in locomotive engines, viz.: United States, 14,223 engines; Great Britain, 10,933; France, 4,933. Total steam engines, both stationary and locomotive, 3,800,000 horse-power in the United States, and 3,300,000 in Great Britain. It is only in ocean steamers that we are behind, viz.: Great Britain, 3,061 steamers, 2,624,431 tonnage; United States, 403 steamers, 483,040 tonnage; Germany, 225 steamers, 171,039 tonnage. Before 1880 the account will stand very different in ocean steamers. But in the meantime, on land, we are indisputably supreme in steam power, being 500,000 horses ahead of England.

MEN OF BUSINESS.—Rare, almost as great poets, are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, must not only be variously gifted, but his gifts should be nicely proportioned to one another. He must have in a high degree that virtue which men have always found the least pleasant of virtues, prudence. His prudence, however, will not merely be of a cautious and quiescent order, but that which, being ever actively engaged, is more fitly called discretion than prudence. He requires a great knowledge of character, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be an enthusiast who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm.

PENALTIES FOR USING TOBACCO.—A French paper remarks that tobacco has had its martyrs. Abbas I, seventh Shah of Persia, had the lips cut off those who smoked, and the noses of those who took snuff. Michael Federowitz, Czar of Russia, also executed without trial his subjects who were guilty of the practice. Mahomet IV had a hole bored in the noses of his culprits, and a pipe introduced across the face. The Parliament of Paris proscribed tobacco. Urban VIII excommunicated it, as had formerly been done with pigs who had eaten children, caterpillars and cockchafers who had had the audacity to devour the vegetation. Queen Elizabeth of Spain authorized the confiscation, for the benefit of the church, of all snuff-boxes. Richelieu did better than that, he put a tax upon them.

PERSONS who complain at growing old would find fault at fruit ripening on the trees. Old age is the perfection of human life.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to E. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Annie's Error. Who Would Have Thought It? For His Own Good. Bertha's Subterfuge. Cured by Jealousy. Dreaming. Can You Forget? Spring.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

SPORT.—"Can you give me the fastest trotting and running time ever made in this country?" The fastest record time as to trotting is that of Goldsmith Maid, 2.14. Running, three best heats on record, 2.19¾, 2.18¼, 2.16, Goldsmith Maid; two best heats, 2.19¾, 2.14, Goldsmith Maid; best two miles on record, 4.50¾, Flora Temple.

SCHOOLTEACHER.—"I should be very much obliged if you could tell me what is the average monthly salaries of teachers in the public schools in the different States." The following is all that we have been able to collect for information: New York, $46; Pennsylvania, ——; Massachusetts, $56; Ohio, $37; Indiana, $32; Illinois, $32; Minnesota, $30; Missouri, $35; Wisconsin, $38; Kansas, $35.

T. E. S.—"Can you tell why the bone at the extremity of one's elbow should be called the funny bone. It has puzzled me not a little thinking over it?" In the first place, you are wrong; it is not the bone at the extremity of the elbow, but rather the muscle which passes round it between the two bones, a blow on which causes painful tingling in the fingers. The term funny bone was originally facetiously given to it from its being the extremity of the humerus (humerous).

C. P. S.—With advancing years, the hair loses the color of youth, and becomes white. Gray hair is simply a mixture of white with hairs of the previous color—brown or black. This change is not caused by the disease of the hair itself, but from a want of the oil supplied by the air follicles. White and gray hair grow as luxuriantly as the best crops of red, brown or sable. The cause of the natural colored hair-oil becoming deficient is not well known. Many persons have become suddenly gray from fear or grief.

MAC.—"Why is the nine of diamonds, in a pack of cards, called the Curse of Scotland?" There are various reasons given for this name being applied to the card in question, that it was the card on which the Butcher Duke wrote a cruel order with respect to the rebels after the battle of Culloden; that the diamonds are the nine lozenges in the arms of Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, detested for his share in the Massacre of Glencoe; that it is a corruption of the "Cross of Scotland," the nine diamonds being arranged somewhat after the fashion of a St. Andrew's cross.

LATAH SWINNA (Genesee).—The phrase, "Dolce far niente," signifies "sweet idleness." 2. You will find the verse,

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away,"

in Thomas Moore's The Fire Worshippers, in Lalla Rookh. 3. The names of the nine Muses are as follows: Clio, Thalia, Melpomene, Euterpe, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, and Calliope. 4. We return you our thanks for the contributions you have sent us towards "Our Own Sphinx" column.

MARTHA.—"As this is the season when we think of putting away our winter furs, I want you to give me some hints how best to preserve mine from the attacks of the moth." First hang them out in the sun for a day or two, then give them a good beating and shaking up, to be sure no moth is in them already. Then wrap up a lump of camphor in a rag, and place in each; then wrap up each in a sound newspaper and paste together, so that there is no hole or crevice through which a moth can gain entrance and your furs are perfectly safe. You will say that there is no secret in this, and there is none. Every lady can take care of her own furs, if it is not too hard work for her, without sending them to the furrier's, as many do.

IDA LEE.—We would not like to express our opinion on the first question you have put to us, as we would not judge your parents without first knowing the reason why they are so opposed to your marrying. We cannot believe that it is "simply because their health is so poor that they say you ought never to marry," because we believe, and they surely must know, that you could be better able to assist and support them in their declining years were you married to "the young man, good, honest, and every way worthy," referred to in your second question. If he is all that you describe, and has no other fault than that "his education is not the best," but good enough to make a good living, you are a very lucky girl and have found a treasure which you had better make sure of.

JOHN NICOL.—"What were the Pyramids of Egypt built for? Were they tombs?" Various opinions prevail as to their use, as that they were erected for astronomical purposes, for resisting the encroachment of the sand of the desert, for granaries, reservoirs, and for sepulchres. This last mentioned hypothesis was proved to be the correct one by the excavations of the late General Howard Vyse, in 1837, who expended almost $50,000 in investigations as to their object and structure. He discovered that they were all the tombs of the monarchs of Egypt who flourished from the fourth to the twelfth dynasty, none of the Pyramids having been constructed later than that time, the subsequent kings having been buried at Thebes, Abydos, and other places, in tombs of a very different construction.

A READER OF THE POST FORTY YEARS AGO (York, Pa).—In the process of making bread, instead of raising the dough by the action of yeast, which decomposes a part of the flour and causes the loss of two per cent., bicarbonate of soda and hydrochloric acid (called by manufacturing chemists, muriatic acid) are often employed. The proportions by this process are 4 pounds of flour intimately mixed with 320 grains of bicarbonate of soda; to this is added a mixture of 300 grains of salt in 35 ounces of water, and 61¼ fluid drachms of hydrochloric acid, and the whole is thoroughly kneaded and placed in the oven. The disadvantage attendant on this mode of raising the dough is that it is apt to leave too much common salt in the bread, which, however, may be obviated by using water charged with carbonic acid.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.—"What are the dimensions of the London parks, and can they compare with our Fairmount or Central Parks?" The following figures, which give the dimensions of all of the parks in and about London, will show you how they compare with our parks: St. James, 58.5 acres; Green Park, 60.3 acres; Hyde Park, 396 acres; Kensington Gardens, 245.5 acres; the Regent's Park, 468.2 acres; Victoria, 223.8 acres; Southwark, 63 acres; Kensington, 19.7 acres; Battersea, 199.4 acres; Greenwich, 190.4 acres. These ten parks, together containing 1,852.8 acres, are all within the registration division designated London, which comprises 76,080 acres. Beyond these limits, but still within the district served by the Metropolitan Police, there are also Richmond Park, with 2,015.5 acres; Kew Gardens, etc., with 327.8 acres; Old Deer Park, with 247.2 acres; Bushey Park, 993.9 acres; and Hampton Court Park, with 476.7 acres. These last five parks contain together 4,266.1 acres, which, added to the area of the ten parks first above named, make a total of 6,118.9 acres of public park in or about London.

ST. GEORGE.—"Have you any means of finding out what is the present population of the whole of the foreign possessions of Great Britain, as we cannot ascertain for ourselves?" According to the last census, the population of the colonies of Great Britain was as follows: British India, 190,863,823; Ceylon Straits Settlements and Labuan, 2,718,252; British North America, 3,748,857; Australia, with New Zealand, 1,978,148; the West Indies, Honduras, and British Guiana, 1,280,366; the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, 855,031; West African Settlements, viz., Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Lagos, 538,634; Mauritius, 318,554; Hong Kong, 124,198; St. Helena, 6,241; Bermuda, 12,121; Falkland Islands, 811; Malta and Gibraltar, 141,918 and 16,454 respectively, exclusive of the military. The total is 202,405,890, and in North America and Australia there has been a substantial increase since the census was taken.

YOUNG WIFE.—"Please favor me with a recipe for the removal of spots from carpets." Mix well half an ox's gall with one quart of water; wet and rub the spot with this. Then, with a clean scrubbing brush, warm water and soap, scrub well the spot, and wet and half wring a clean floor-cloth in clean cold water, and rub well out the soap and gall from a carpet; rub the spot with a dry coarse cloth until it is nearly dry, then pin a piece of thin brown paper over the spot to prevent dust from settling on it while wet, and leave it to become perfectly dry. If the spot occurs near the side or end of the carpet, undo a few tacks and slip under the spot a thickly folded coarse towel, to absorb the water which runs through, and to prevent the wet carpet from lying in the dust. After washing the spot remove the folded cloth and slip in its place a piece of brown paper, which leave till the carpet is perfectly dry.

LENNOX.—We have read the articles you allude to, both in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the other paper, and think that the evidence brought forward in support of the new origin of the name of this continent, "America," is pretty conclusive. It seems that the word, "Americ," is one which can be traced back to the earliest ages of the world, and is the name at the present day of the mountain range dividing the province of Chontales, in Nicaragua. Columbus, on his fourth voyage in 1502, most probably learned this name from these Nicaraguans, and associated it with the name of the whole continent. This same word is found connected with many other ranges of mountains in European countries. In Ireland it is spelled Iomernoe or Comersach; in Greece it is Chimari; in Abyssinia, Ambara; in Portugal, Coimbra; all evidently derived from a Hebrew word, "Amer," signifying a summit.

SCHOOLMARM.—"Are blows necessary to the government of children?" We think not. We think that this punishment should never even be inflicted by the parent, much less delegated by him to teachers, or those who have temporary authority over children and youth. The right system having always been pursued with children from infancy, little or no trouble will be found; by the right system we mean the determined establishment of authority on the part of the parent. But what if the "right system" has not been pursued! Well, then we reply that a wrong system can never make up the deficiency. There is that in the breast of the most neglected and miseducated child which can be made available to perfect obedience by kind, gentle, yet firm words. In our opinion, corporeal punishment is the worst of all possible arguments to the headstrong and wayward, and too often crushes the very life out of the timid and gentle.

TROUBLESOME.—"At what time was the practice of dating from the Christian era first introduced?" The Christian era was first used about the year 527 by Dionysius, surnamed "Exiguus," but better known as Denys le Petit, a monk of Scythia and a Roman abbot. In consequence of which it is sometimes called "Recapitulatio Dionisii." It was not introduced into Italy until the sixth century, and, though first used in France in the seventh, it was not universally established there till about the eighth century. An instance of the use of the Christian era in England is supposed to have occurred in the year 680; it was generally adopted in the eighth century, and it was ordained by the Council of Chelsea, in July, 816, that all bishops should date their acts from the year of the incarnation of our Saviour. In Spain, the Christian era, though occasionally adopted in the eleventh, was not uniformly used in public instruments until after the middle of the fourteenth century, nor in Portugal until about the year 1415. In the Eastern Empire, and in Greece, it was not universal until after the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II, in 1453. The years of the Christian era are described in ancient documents as the years "of Grace," of "the Incarnation," of "our Lord," of "the Nativity," of "the Circumcision," and "annus Trabeationis."

INQUIRER.—Various reasons are assigned by the Welsh for wearing the leek on St. David's Day. Some affirm it to be in memory of a great victory obtained over the Saxons. It is said that during the conflict the Welshmen, by order of St. David, put leeks in their hats to distinguish themselves from their enemies. The observance of St. David's Day was long countenanced by royalty. Even penurious Henry VII could disburse £2 among Welshmen on their saint's anniversary, and among the household expenses for Princess Mary (1545) is an entry of a gift of 15s. to the yeomen of the guard for bringing a leek to her grace on St. David's Day. An old writer, alluding to the custom of wearing the leek, records that his Majesty King William III was complaisant enough to bear his Welsh subjects company, and two years later we find the following paragraph in the *Flying Post* (1699): "Yesterday being St. David's Day, the king, according to custom, wore a leek in honor of the Ancient Britons, the same being presented to him by the sergeant-porter, whose place it is, and for which he claims the clothes his majesty wore that day. The courtiers, in imitation of his majesty, wore leeks also." Whatever may be the conflicting opinions on the origin of wearing leeks in Wales, it is certain that this vegetable appears to have been a favorite dish with Welshmen far back as we can trace their history. Some writers think it most probable that leeks were a Druidic symbol, employed in honor of the British Ceridven, or Ceres, in which hypothesis it is thought there is nothing strained or farfetched, presuming, as most likely, the Druids were a branch of the Phœnician priesthood. Both were addicted to oak-worship, and during the funeral rites of Adonis, or Bylelos, leeks and onions were exhibited in "pots, with other vegetables, and called the garden of that deity." The leek was worshiped at Ascalon, as it was in Egypt. Leeks and onions were also deposited in the sacred chests of the mysteries both of Isis and Ceres.

NOVICE.—"What is the difference between wood and steel engraving, and if it does not occupy too much of your valuable space, will you explain the different methods?" In steel engraving the lines are cut into the surface, but in wood engraving they are raised like the letters of printing types. The darks of steel engravings are obtained by cutting away the metal; in wood engraving the darks are obtained by retaining the wood. The processes, as you see, are directly reversed. The wood used for wood engraving is box; it is cut to about an inch thick, and planed smooth. The design is drawn on the wood, and the engraver proceeds to excavate between the lines of the designer, cutting away the wood for the lights, and in the deepest shades scarcely engraving the surface at all. As the lights and shades in wood and metal engraving are obtained by processes so entirely distinct, there must obviously be different modes of printing them. Woodcuts are printed the same as types; they can even be introduced into the page with letterpress. The surface is inked, and the impression taken in the ordinary way; but by processes of overlaying and underlaying, the effect of woodcuts very much depends. The shades are heightened, and the graduation of shades more finely marked, by thicknesses of paper pasted to the under surface of the block, and on the tympans (frames of stretched paper or muslin upon which the paper which is to receive the impression of the cut is attached), by which means the pressure can be so distributed as to heighten the shades or soften the lights according to the wishes of the printer. In steel-plate printing the mode is as follows: The surface of the plate is covered with ink from a rubber made of linen rags. The plate being sufficiently inked, and the lines or excavations of the design thoroughly filled with ink, the surface of the plate is carefully wiped with the palm of the hand. To wipe the plate thoroughly clean, and yet not remove the ink out of the engraving, is the aim and skill of the workman. Over the plate thus prepared the moistened plate-paper is placed, and over the paper two or three folds of flannel. The whole is then subjected to the pressure of the press; the moistened paper is forced into the hollow lines of the engraving, whence it imbibes the ink, and produces the requisite impression.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. A.—If you want your diamond ring back, and the gentleman(?) who took it without your leave, stole it in fact, refuses to give it back, saying you gave it to him, though you tell him you did not, and have asked for it several times, both in person and in writing, you had better get some male member of your family, as for instance, your father, or big brother, to deal with him, and to show him that it is just possible to carry a joke a little too far. A. R. H.—A lady is not bound to subsequently recognize any gentleman whose acquaintance she made only through an introduction in a ball-room. Such introductions are only considered for the time being. Miss M—e R—s.—The solutions you have sent to us to the numbered charade and arithmetical puzzle in No. 35, are perfectly correct. We would be happy to publish your charade, but you forgot to send us the answer to it, and we really have not the time to puzzle our brains over such work.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*